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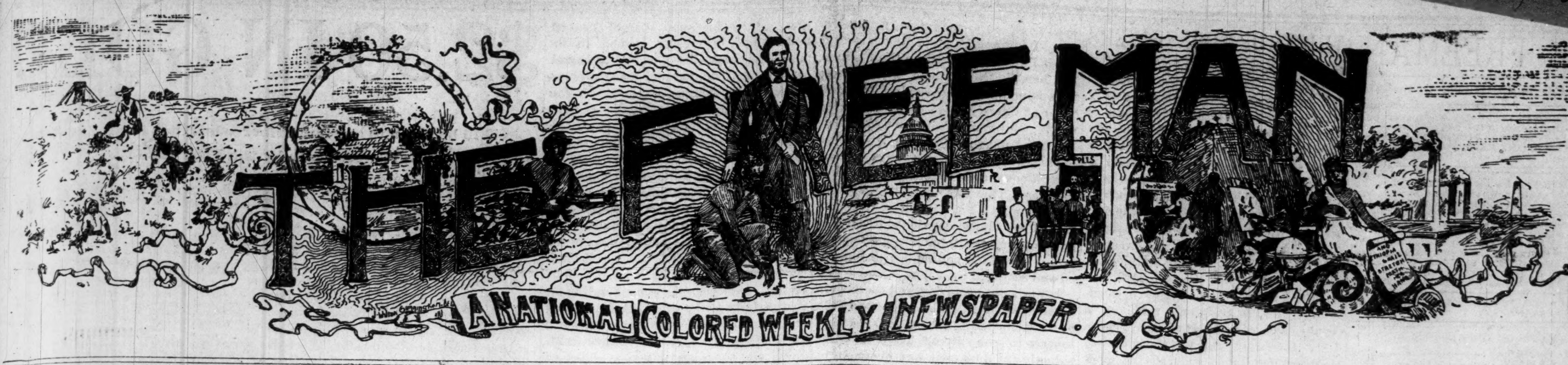
THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

INDIANAPOLIS
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VOLUME 2.—NUMBER 5. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PROF. JAMES H. JOHNSON

PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA NORMAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Professor of Psychology, Moral Philosophy, and Logic---A Convincing Orator---A Practical and Experienced Educator---His Ability and Standing.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Prof. James Hugo Johnson was born in Richmond, Va., July 29, 1858. He was, from early youth, a regular attendant of the Sunday school, and became a member of the First Baptist church at the age of twelve. His parents being poor, he was compelled to begin to support himself at the age of twelve. By selling newspapers, he managed to continue his schooling until his graduation from the Normal School of Richmond, in 1876.

In the fall of 1876, he was elected teacher in the public schools of his native city after a rigid examination. He began in the lowest grade of the system, and made his way upward until he was made principal of the Baker street group of schools, having twelve teachers under him.

In all that pertains to the intellectual and moral welfare of his race, he has always taken an active part. On various occasions he received the highest honors from his fellow townsman. He has never taken an active part in politics. Having made teaching his profession, his most earnest efforts have been to improve and dignify his chosen profession. In recognition of his fidelity to the race and his calling, Governor Fitzhugh Lee, in 1886, made him a member of the Board of Visitors of the V. N. and C. I. He was also elected Secretary of the Board.

The State Supt. of Public Instruction, Hon. Jno. L. Buchanan, LLD., made him conductor of a Peabody institution for teachers, held at Lynchburg, Va. This was one of the largest and most successful institutes ever held in the State. The able management of it was the subject of general comment among teachers. Here was organized the Virginia Teachers' Reading Circle, and the conductor of the institute was elected President. He still holds that position.

The subject of our sketch is of the Baptist faith, and has frequently represented his church and school in various State organizations. For three years he was corresponding secretary of the Va. B. S. S. Convention. As an active Mason he has worked his way to the upmost round in that order, having already served two terms as the Grand Master of the State. In this capacity, he attended the National Masonic Convention held in Chicago in 1887. He delivered the opening address entitled, "The True Status of Negro Masonry in America."

When the term of office of Hon. Jno. Mercer Langston, LLD., President the V. N. and C. I., had about expired, the Board of Visitors of the College felt that it had a difficult task in filling the vacancy thus occasioned, They finally settled upon Prof. Johnson as a man having sufficient experience, executive ability and learning, to run the school successfully.

Prof. Johnson took charge of the V. N. and C. I., as President on January 1, 1888. Since his administration, the institution has advanced beyond the expectation of his best friends and advisers. In the last thirteen months the number of students has been augmented at least 50 per cent. He is an educator of thirteen years experience. He is especially conversant with various features of educational work, and ranks among the formost teachers of advanced methods of teachers.

In scholarship, he must not be measured by the curriculum of the Normal School of Richmond, for he has, by diligent and perserving study, pursued higher branches of mathematics, and science, and philosophy. By virtue of his office of President, he is professor of philosophy. He is well versed in the difficult and important studies of Pyschology Moral Philosophy and Logic.

As a speaker he ranks high. In style, he is simple and practical, in matter, sound and sensible.

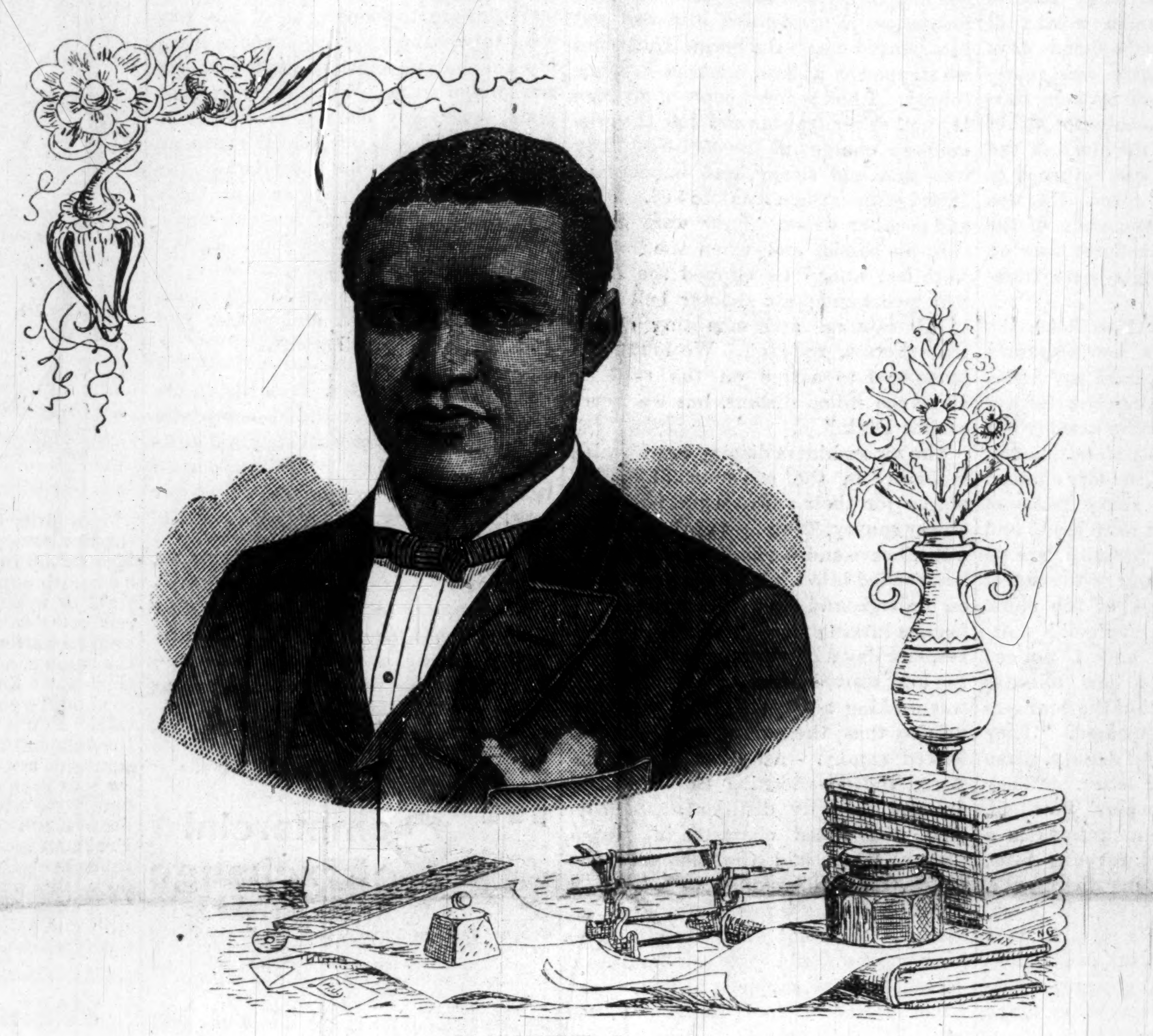
He is known for his veracity, integrity and Christian principles. It was mainly due to his spotless moral character that, while a boy, he was elected clerk of the First Baptist church, and held this position for twelve years.

One of the noblest and sweetest features of his character is his care and regard for his affectionate mother. She imparted to him those grand principles of virtue, honesty, courage and industry which alone make men great.

As an educator of the colored youth, he occupies a prominent place. He is, perhaps, the youngest college President in America, and has won the respect and confidence of his students and faculty.

D. B. WILLIAMS.

Ettrick, P. O., Va.



H. C. SMITH, Esq.,
Editor of Gazette, Cleveland, Ohio.

H. C. SMITH, OF OHIO.

Editor of the "Cleveland Gazette" and Deputy Oil Inspector of Ohio.

Prepared for THE FREEMAN.

The well known subject of this sketch was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, on the 28th of January, 1863. He was taken to Cleveland, his present home, in 1865. Here he attended the schools of the city from an early age, passed through all the grades and finished in 1882. During the next year he devoted his entire time to the study of band and orchestral music. In this he also reached distinction. The same desire to rise above mediocrity and thereby demand respect for himself and race because of his fitness and thorough preparation for the work of life, took possession of him here as in his earlier life. He lost no time but continued to plod upward. The result is that as a young man of scholarly attainments, of comprehensive views, as a journalist and musician--especially a cornetist—he stands to-day facile princeps among the first of the colored citizens in the State of Ohio. In addition to his editorial duties Mr. Smith is leader and musical conductor of the Excelsior Reed Band. His compositions have found ready sale, especially his song and chorus, "Be True Bright Eyes," now known throughout the country.

In August, 1883, H. C. Smith, with three other parties, launched the Cleveland Gazette upon the sea of journalism. Since that time, however, he has become sole owner and proprietor. This paper has proven a success and is now by far the best colored paper published in the State of Ohio and is one among the best edited by colored journalists in the United States. It is vigorous in tone; fearless in its defense of right; an uncompromising enemy of prejudice in all of its forms; a strong advocate of equal rights to all men without distinction and a staunch Republican in politics---with principle rather than expediency as its basis.

Mr. Smith has always weilded a fearless and able pen for right and truth. He has fought squarely in behalf of his race, demanding for it recognition wherever denied. No other proof of this is needed than the Gazette itself. The Hon. Frederick Douglass wrote "In the midst of hurried preparations for a long tour in Europe I snatch my pen and spend a few moments to tell you how completely I sympathize with your political attitude." Then again he adds, "I do exhort your readers to stand by you in your effort to lead the colored citizens of Ohio to wise political action." Though at times Mr. Smith has been severely criticised he has never varied from what he considered his duty. He believes that the Republican party conserves best the interests of the Negro, and thereupon he becomes its able and active defender. He believes that mixed schools are the best for all concerned and especially for the Negro--as separate schools imply race prejudice and race inferiority—and therefore he becomes the relentless enemy to the color line in schools. His articles are read with both pleasure and profit, to which fact is largely due the increased and increasing circulation of the Gazette.

Gov. Foraker is indebted to Mr. Smith about as much as to any other one journalist, colored or white, in the State of Ohio. The colored members of the Legislature—Messrs. Arnett, Brown, Harland and Copeland had a strong supporter in the editor of the Gazette.

Again when through the agency of Gov. Foraker he was appointed Deputy State Oil Inspector, at a handsome salary, he not only fittingly recognized the race but the individual in the choice of one in every way qualified for the position and especially deserving of the appointment. The bond required was $5,000. This he soon secured in the persons of three of the oldest and most respected colored citizens of Cleveland. Mr. Smith is what we might call a self-made man, as it is through his own indefatigable efforts that he has reached his present station in life. He is the author of several pieces of music for the guitar in addition to composition for the voice and piano. His various public utterances rank him as an active, wide-awake observer of passing events. Broad in his views he is withal charitable, zealous and conscientious. He is perhaps the only colored member of a (white) press association in the State of Ohio and is one of the youngest editors in the country.

H. C. Smith is one of the young men of whom we all may feel proud and from whom we may justly expect an ever increasing career of honor and usefulness. A more fitting thing could not be done by his townsmen than to nominate and elect him as a member of the Legislature; for the services of such a man in such a place would be invaluable to the race, to the State and to all concerned. Our lives are measured by what we accomplish and not by the "paltry years of existence."

W. S. SCARBOROUGH.

Professor of Languages, Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, O.

Chicago Real Estate.

Chicago Tribune.

The ground is at the northwest corner of Dearborn and Madison streets, its frontage of 20 feet being on Dearborn. A Chicago business man was foolish enough yesterday to bind himself by contract to pay $7,500 per front foot for this shallow lot. That is to say, he agreed to pay $187.50 for every square foot of it, or $1.30 for every square inch. In fact, this citizen of decadent Chicago first carpeted the ground with $20 silver certificates--5000 of them it took to cover it—and said to the owner, "Give me the ground and take the carpet." But Norman T. Gassette, who was advising the owner, suggested that another thickness of something or other, even of less costly material, was absolutely necessary. So the man whose heart was gone on that corner spread a snug and close layer of new $1 greenbacks over the twenties. Then Mr. Gassette rubbed his glasses and whispered confidentially to his client, 'That beats any rug in the city of Chicago. You had better take it." And he did.

REV. JOSEPH C. CROSS,

Of Battle Creek, Mich.

Joseph C. Cross was born in New Kent county, Va., of religions parents. At the age of twelve he began farming, which he followed until 1878. The same year he assumed the position of huckster at the old market in Richmond, Va., until 1879. In 1879 he came to Chicago, where he worked at the custom house. Here Mr. Cross attended a night school, taught by Hon. J. Warner, also reading all the valuable books that time would permit him outside of working hours In 1881 he came to Battle Creek, and concluded to devots his life to the ministry. In 1887 he received his license to preach. Joined the Chain Lake Baptist Association and was appointed missionary the same year. The year 1889 finds Mr. Cross missionary of the Baptist Sunday School Convention of the State of Michigan; also Secretary of the State Association. As a divine Mr. Cross will win laurels for himself, and whatever honors come to him will be the result of persevering industry.

When Women Hold Office.

Texas Siftings.

Female Sheriff—Is your husband at home?

Wife (suspiciously)—He is not. What do you want of him?

I have an attachment for him.

You have! Why, you shameless thing!

PERSONAL

W. S. Norris, of Macon, Miss., is said to be worth $70,000.

Ex-Auditor McCabe, of the State of Kansas, is now in Washington, D. C.

Five colored men were elected Justices of the Peace, in Live Oak, Miss., at a recent election.

Robert J. Lowe, Esq., of Jefferson county, Alabama, is a member of the Legislature of that State.

Millard F. Singleton, formerly of Washington, D. C., is now a Justice of the Peace in Omaha, Neb.

Hon. John R. Lynch is being pushed forward for the position of Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Dr. Consuela Clark, daughter of Hon. P. H. Clark, has become quite a favorite in society since her arrival in St. Louis.

Miss Nora A. Gordon, of Atlanta, Ga., will soon go to Africa, as a missionary, under the auspices of Spellman University.

Mr. Ernest Nathan, a prominent colored man, is a candidate for the Internal Revenue Collectorship of the first district of New York.

Mr. John F. Cary, formerly of Detroit, and now a resident of Washington, D. C., has just graduated from the School of Dentistry in Howard University.

Hon. B. K. Bruce lectured to a large and cultured audience, at the Academy of Music, at Philadelphia, last Thursday evening. Subject, "The Race Problem."

While the Republicans of Louisiana are trying to throw Pinchback out of the party, the Republicans of the District of Columbia are banqueting him. Thus the political cauldron boils.

Mrs. Dugan, the Hoosier mocking bird, sang at Bethesda church, Chicago, Thursday evening, in a concert for the benefit of the church. A large audience enjoyed the musical treat.

Hon. John C. Dancy, of North Carolina, whose portrait appeared in a recent issue of The Freeman, is highly recommended by Hons. John Sherman, William McKinley, and H. W. Blair for an important position in the Treasury Department.

Hon. J. T. Settle, of Memphis, Tenn., is strongly backed for Assistant District Attorney of that city. The Evening Tribune, a white paper, speaking of him, says: "He is in every respect qualified for the position and we trust he may secure it. A bright, intelligent man, a fluent speaker, and a lawyer of no mean capacity, and also very much of a gentleman, Joseph T. Settle would do honor to any position he may be elected to."

How to Treat Tooth-Brushes.

Albany Journal.

"If," said a young lady in an Albany drug store this morning. "you can sell me a tooth-brush the bristles of which will not come out after I have used it two or three times, I will buy one." Said the druggist, as he placed before her a box of tooth-brushes: "I will tell you a secret about that matter. These brushes have been in the case for a long time. Now, when you buy one take it home and put it in water for an hour or two before you use it. The bristles are dry and are apt to come out when they are used. Always remember that when you buy a tooth-brush." And she said she would.

The Shortest Obituary Poem.

Baltimore American.

The discussion over the best shortest poem goes merrily on. The Sun is partial to the following, which was evolved from the storm of one year ago in New York:

This bliz
Knocks biz.

It is very good, but it is no better than the somewhat famous epitaph, which reads:

Thorpe's
Corpse.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

It has long been recognized by scientists that the one great discovery wanting was some method of utilizing solar heat—that is, to prevent the waste of the power that is all about us. Ericsson and others have worked at the problem and have succeeded in constructing machines on roofs for concentrating rays and driving engines. Prof. Morse, well known for his researches in archæology and paleontology in the West, has at last devised a simple stove for warming rooms by solar heat. The device is, of course, good only on sunny days. The invention is, however, along a line on which we may expect great progress.

The case of dynamite bombs exploded at one of the Eastern colleges by some of the students in a row, or frolic, surpasses all instances of college misdeeds on record. It seems that one of the boys persuaded his father to send them the bombs, under what representation is not known. The boys used them to blow up and injure college buildings. One bomb exploded in a student's hands, and the chap is now in a hospital, with slight chances for life. A few years ago a cannon was exploded in a college building, but even that did not parallel this bomb-throwing. If law is of any value anywhere it is in punishing all parties engaged in this infernal business.

The effects of raising the Commissioner of Agriculture to the position of a Cabinet officer will be inevitably to remove him further from the farmers and people he is intended mainly to represent. No one supposes that hereafter the Secretary of Agriculture will, as a rule be chosen from practical agriculturists, but from politicians for political purposes. That does not make it at all certain that in some cases the change may not be for the better, for there have been Commissioners of exceptionally poor ability and fitness. But the intention of the office primarily was to have a practical and educated agriculturist at Washington to supervise the farming interests of the country. Precisely why any one thought it would benefit agriculture to make the change in question is hard to understand.

Official Courtesy at Washington.

St. Nicholas.

All through the Government service as in private business establishments, we of course, find the relation of superior and subordinate, and from this relation necessarily follow certain distinctions of grade, or official classification, and certain rules of courtesy governing the business intercourse between agents of equal or unequal rank. The President is higher than a Secretary of Department, a Secretary higher than a bureau chief, a bureau chief higher than a clerk. An officer, issuing instructions or commands, disregards the conventional or complimentary forms, observed by him when communicating with officers of equal or higher grade; a subordinate, corresponding with one above him in authority, is more or less deferential in his address. This complaisance, however, extends chiefly to such harmless expressions as, "To the Honorable Secretay," and "I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, at the begining and ending of letters; and is only objectionable when it becomes indiscriminate or extravagant. In strict propriety, official communications should be addressed to their "office"—not to the name of the individual holding the office; and a public office receives no augmented dignity by reason of mere wordy additions. This was the view taken by the House of Representatives at the begining of the Government, when the Senate desired to style the President "His High Mightiness," or by some other senseless title; and the Senate, by submitting to this view, established a precedent applicable to every subordinate office.

In writing to a high official or a member of Congress by name, the prefix "Hon." is permissible on grounds of general usage, but the employment of this title in addressing minor officers is meaningless, as also is the phrase, "To His Excellency the President"; yet, this and other errors of over-effusion are frequently made by correspondents both in and out of official circles.

In ranking the President as head of the Republic we regared him only in his public capacity. His preeminence is the preeminence of his office; and this office, we have said; was intended to exercise business functions.

TRICKS OF MOONSHINERS

Detroit Free Press.

Creech's Cross Roads is the metropolis of the Lonesome neighborhood and a considerable trade center. It boasts of a big store owned by Jabez Creech, the founder of the Cross Roads, a blacksmith shop and a "grocery," which is the mountain name for drinking saloon. I was privately informed that Creech is a silent partner in the last enterprise, and that the blacksmith—a herculean, coal-black negro—"works for wages," which Creech pays. It is to be inferred, therefore, that Jabez Creech is somewhat of a nabob. He is a shrewd, calculating fellow, as keen for a trade as a Yankee and as sharp at a bargain as a Jew. It is a singular fact that none of these last mentioned enterprising gentry are to be found in the mountains south. Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, once explained the matter to me by the assertion that the natural mountaineer coulddiscount the shrewdest descendant of Abraham in driving a sharp bargain, and for that reason the Jewish people preferred to invest their money in sections where the people were less cunning. It is a fact that, no matter how illiterate the southern mountaineer may be, he is always possessed of an abundance of shrewd "horsesense," and this latter natural quality makes him a foeman worthy of anbody's steel. In my boyhood days this very section of conntry was represented in the State Senate by Gen. Harrison Riley, who was unable to either read or write. He was the ideal of the clannish Crackers and was returned to the Senate term after term. He was an excellent legislator, and some of the wisest and and most beneficent laws on the statue books of Georgia were framed by him.

I stopped at Creech's Cross Roads the other day to purchase a few necessary articles at the store and have my horse reshod for a rough trip into the further mountains. There was the usual crowd of loungers about the little settlement, and I was listening to their lazy chatter, when there was the sharp rattle of horse-hoofs on the hard loam road, and a dozen men, who were literally "armed to the teeth," galloped out of the forest and drew rein in front of the store. 'Hit's the ma'shals, cuss'em!" muttered one of the crowd, and I noticed when I looked around a few minutes later that about one-half of the loungers had mysteriously disappeared. "They always do," said the chief deputy, when I spoke of the matter latter. "They fear that I may have 'papers' for them. Every other man in the mountains is a violator of the internal revenue laws, and those fellows, knowing their guilt, thought it best to 'scoot for the brush' and take no risks." This marshal is a man of wild and eventful experience, and while waiting for the negro blacksmith to reshoe the horses of his squad he told me several interesting incidents illustrating his experience among the moonshiners. He has been in the business for nearly twenty years and during that time has operated in old and West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. He has had hundreds of fights with illicit distillers and has several times been wounded. West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, he concedes to possess the most dangerous outlaws. He is perfectly familiar with the inside history of the various feudal "wars" in Kentucky, and on one occasion, while raiding through "Bloody Breathitt" County, in that state, his men were mistaken by one "army" for the enemy's forces. The result came near being a disastrous one. The mountain warriors were entrenched on the side of a large hill, where they had thrown up breastworks and mounted an old brass cannon which had been abandoned during the late war by the Federal Gen. George H. Morgan. This was loaded with slugs, rusty nails and other scrap iron and small pebbles. It was wedged between two logs and trained to sweep a road that wound along the side of the hill. Fortunately for the revenue party they took a bridle path still lower down the hill, and when the cannon went off, which it did with a roar and crash that could be heard for miles, the nails and pebbles whistled over the heads of the startled marshals, cutting off limbs as big as a man's arm and covering them with a shower of leaves. They captured the cannon and spiked it. "I particularly desired to catch one man on this raid," continued the marshal. "He was named Dink Hannan, an active partisan of the Little faction in the pending 'war' and had given us a great deal of trouble—almost as much," he added with a smile, "as your friend, Dock Davis, whom I'm afraid we will never recapture. Dink Hanna was a fine looking fellow, six feet and an inch in height, and a regular mountain dandy. He would shoot 'at the drop of the hat,' and if necessary drop the hat himself. Altogether he was a very bad man. We had a warrant for him for several years, but he had hosts of friends who warned him of our approach, and he always managed to get safely to the 'brush.' Dink was married and had a little cabin on the Rocky Fork of the North Fork of the Kentucky River. I traced him to his cabin one day and with a couple of bailiff's rode down upon the place. As we pulled up our horses at the door of the cabin several children came out and eyed us as only mountain youngsters can. I addressed one of them, a girl about 7 years of age. 'Does Dink Hanna live here?' 'Noap!' was the answer; 'he's done moved 'way yander.' 'Where?' 'Over on Carr's Fork.' 'Who lives here now?' 'Bill Smith.' 'Aren't you Dink Hanna's daughter?' 'Noap!' I was looking her square in the eyes during this colloquy and watching every expression. There was but stolid, apathetic ignorance. Not a blush—no shrinking. I was almost convinced that I was on the wrong scent, but at the suggestion of one of the bailiffs we dismounted and searched the cabin.

It was a very cold day, and there were several women huddled around the open fire-place smoking 'long green' tobacco in cob pipes. They eyed us sullenly and answered our questions in monosyllables. We looked everywhere, even into the meal chest, but could find no trace of Dink. I was about giving up in despair when I noticed that the child whom I had questioned, kept her eyes fixed upon a particular board in the floor near the fireplace. I saw that it had recently been moved, and stooping down I pried it up with my hunting knife. There was a cavity underneath, and in it was the man we were in search of. 'Come out, Dink,' I said, and caught hold of his booted leg. 'You've got me, boys,' he said, and made no resistance. I handcuffed him and put him behind me on the horse. That night we stopped at a farm house in Letcher county. I had to meet some of my men at another rendezvous and left the prisoner in charge of the bailiffs. They were tired and sleepy, and handcuffing Dink between them went to bed. Dink had peculiar wrists. They were larger than his hands, and when the bailiffs were fast asleep he slipped the cuffs, took a coat and a six shooter belonging to his captors, and mounting one of their horses, rode off. We found the horse tied to a tree on the roadside about ten miles distant, but we never caught Dink."

The moonshiners display considerable ingenuity in the selection of hiding places for their stills. One fellow in Carter county, Tenn., set up business in a small cave, and the smoke from his fire was carried into the waters of a creek by an underground pipe. This creek was a famous lurking place for trout. One lazy summer day a deputy marshal took his rod and started down the stream. He was walking along the bank when he noticed that the surface of the water looked smoky. An examination disclosed the pipe leading from the still fire, and the wily distiller was discovered. "A noted character in Rowan county, Ky.," said the marshal, "was Squire Obadiah Sexton. He was, if we believed his own words, terribly opposed to moonshining, and whenever we passed his house he would come out and orate on his favorite subject. He was very talkative and when I stopped I was treated to buttermilk, of which I am very fond. His farm ran back to a rock ridge, on the other side of which was Mud Run, a noted place of resort for moonshiners. We arrested a great many of the Mud Runners. I really did not intend that as a pun, for they were 'runners,' and those that we failed to catch took to the brush. In working up evidence against our prisoners we secured nearly enough proof of our friend the 'Squire's complicity in illicit distilling for the issuance of a warrant of arrest, and thereafter we watched him warily. One hot midsummer day I took three of my men and climbed the ridge back of 'Squire Obediah's house without attracting attention. We had a powerful field glass, and this was focused upon the little settlement along Mud Run in the hope of sighting some of the fugitives for whom we had warrants. As noon approached the heat became almost intolerable and we nearly died with thirst, for, presuming, of course, that there was plenty of water on the ridge, we had neglected to fill our canteens. Every spring and water hole was dried up, and when it seemed to me as though my tongue was baked to the roof of my mouth I snatched up a couple of canteens and started down the ridge to Squire Sexton's. A brush fence ran down the hill as far as the corner of his house and being on the opposite side of it none of the inmates could see me. More from habit than anything else I pulled out my six shooter as I turned the corner. The front door was open and as I stepped across the threshold a section of the kitchen door uprose and Obediah with a quart measure of moonshine whisky in each hand stood before me. There was a six-shooter in his belt, but I covered him and made him step out into the room. After disarming him I fired my revolver several times to attract the attention of my bailiffs. When they arrived in response to the signal, we searched the house cellar. Set up there were four eighty gallon stills, and ranged against the walls were about twenty barrels of prime moonshine, besides several hundred gallons of singlings and three hogsheads of beer. The smoke of the still fires went up the house chimney and the slop was drained off through underground pipes to a natural basin about 200 yards from the house, where it was caught in a tank and afterwards carted away and fed to the 'Squire's' hogs." It will be remembered that ten or twelve years ago Bald Mountain in North Carolina was thought to be in a state of actual volcanic eruption. It rumbled and roared, heaved and retched, big seams opened in its sides, and thick clouds of smoke issued therefrom. The ignorant mountaineers living in the vicinity thought that the end of the world was at hand. A local revival preacher took advantage of the strange phenomena, and by vigorously appealing to the superstitious fears of his hearers, made hundreds of conts. A Scientific men investigated the alleged "eruption," and a great New York newspaper sent down a special commissioner to write it up. The matter was never satisfactorily explained, but my friend, the deputy marshal, throws some light on the subject. "I was operating in that vicinity at the time," said he, "and my men no doubt caused the 'eruption.' Bald Mountain is honeycombed with caves, and there are numerous veins of coal running through it. The caves, at that time, were full of moonshine stills. Being naturally fortified they were desperately defended by their owners. We could not afford to risk our precious lives in contests so unequal and we built big fires in the caves to smoke out the moonshiners. These fires ignited the coal seams and that's the true history of the eruption."

To once get the fever of office-seeking in one's blood is to become forever and ever a prey to its ravages. The secretaryships are no sooner out of the way than the disappointed ones come humbly up soliciting assistant secretaryships and foreign posts. When these are gone plain, every-day clerkships will be in demand, and if in our official organism there was any use for a groom of the back stairs or chimney-sweep there would be a few hundred feverish applicants contending for those jobs. It is a deal worse, from a moral standpoint, to be stricken with the craze for office than to have the small-pox and yellow jack and Asiatic cholera all at once.

A bill before the New York legislature proposes to compel railroad companies to equip freight cars with standard automatic self-couplers and automatic brakes. Railroaders claim that 90 per cent. of the casualties are the result of their absence.

Stranger (after ten years' absence)—What became of Bad, Luck & Co.? When I left they were in financial straits—selling out at cost. Citizen—They are at the old stand—still selling out.—New York Weekly.

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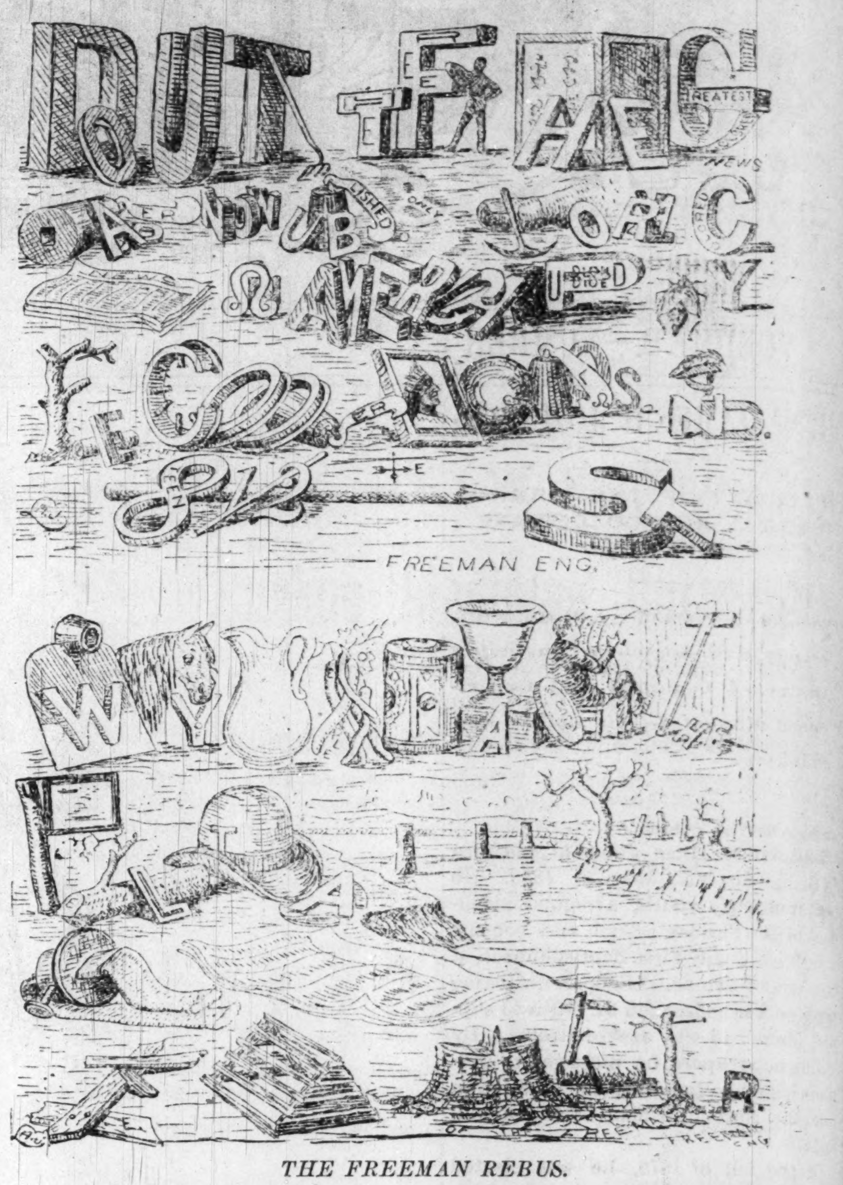
Will be given to any Subscriber who reads the following Rebus correctly by the First of May.


FREEMAN ENG.

THE FREEMAN REBUS.

In order to increase the circulation of **The Freeman** we have decided to give the first five persons who **Read The Freeman's Rebus Correctly** by the first of **May $2.50 in Gold** and the next ten $1.00 in Gold and to all who come after these a 6 month subscription to **The Freeman.** Solutions will be filed as received whether right or wrong, with Name, Address and Date, immediately after May 1st the corcect solution will be published and the names of all sending in correct solutions, and forwarded to each party that has sent in a solution. The gold will be sent at the same time to each party properly reading the rebus. Persons sending in solutions must **Enclose 50c** for each solution, this will pay a two months subscription, so should you fail in the solution you will get **The Freeman** for two months at any rate. You may send as many different solutions as you wish that is you may read the rebus different ways, but for each solution you must send 50c. Where two solutions are sent in from the same family we will send one copy of **The Freeman** for four months instead of two copies for two months; for three solutions from one family we will send **The Freeman** six months; for four solutions, eight months, for five, ten months, for six, twelve months, etc. etc What we want is to get **The Freeman** in every home and for this purpose are giving these prizes in gold. The rebus is easily read, and we hope each person getting a gold piece will endeavor to do us that amount of good by showing **The Freeman** to their friends and getting us up a club, when it is possible. Send in your solution to the rebus as soon as possible and get the benefit of reading **The Freeman.** Write your name, postoffice and State plainly. Address, **THE FREEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.**

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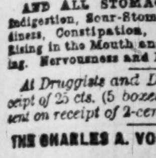

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ELY'S CREAM BALM.
Cold in Head.
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MAGEE'S
EMULSION.

Magee's Emulsion,
—OF—
Cod Liver Oil,
Extract of Malt, and
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites (Lime and Soda)
A Reliable Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and General Debility.

Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated.
Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is
The Best Emulsion in the Market.
Ask your Druggist for it and take no other.
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers,
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TRADE MARK. S.S.S.

In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.
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Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S.S.S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. MISS ANNIE GEESLING,
Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
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SYKE'S
Sure Cure.
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is without a rival. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.
For sale by all Druggists
ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind, Wholesale Agent.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES
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Wonderful Flesh Producer.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. Containing the stimulating Hypophosphites and Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.

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TELL YOUR FRIENDS
The Ladies' Home Journal

is to be made BETTER and LARGER. It can be had now for only 50 Cents per year; another year it will cost $1.00. We shall double the price because we cannot afford to furnish so good a paper as the JOURNAL is to be for less than one Dollar, but we shall double its value, and give you more of it for your money. AGENTS can make hundreds of dollars securing subscriptions at

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60 YEARS IN USE.

A Physician says, a sovereign remedy for worms. Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is *safe, reliable and efficient* in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.
THOS. H. HANDY, M. D. Cambridge, Md.
Observe particularly that the initials are B. A. thus avoiding imitations.

THE FARM AND HOME.

A New Jersey farmer gives his experience in using chemical fertilizers and shows that it pays: "When I commenced the use of chemical fertilizers on wheat, I applied about 300 pounds per acre; but I have increased the application to 700 pounds, which has doubled the yield of wheat per acre, as compared with the outcome from the old system. It has also largely increased the yield of grass per acre, so that my gross receipts from the farm have increased, over the yield under the old system, to an average of $1,000 per annum. And it appears to me that I have just learned how to use the chemical fertilizers with profit. I am now applying 1,200 pounds of Mapes potato fertilizer per acre, for potatoes, and as wheat follows potatoes, I apply about 300 pounds per acre for the wheat, making 1,500 pounds of purchased fertilizers per acre, for the potatoes. It appears to me that I may apply even 1,800 pounds, to 2,000 pounds per acre for the five years rotation as the quantity that can be most profitably used. My present system of rotation is corn, potatoes, wheat, and grass two years. I have never used any of the ordinary superphosphates on wheat or when seeding to grass. I have always used fertilizers of the highest grade I could buy and my faith is very strong that mine is the only safe system for permanent improvement."

It does not take as much milk to make a pound of buttter when the cows are fed on hay as it does when they are fed on grass, provided the hay was green when cut, and was well cured and is of good quality. A cow would make more butter from less milk when fed on green, well cured clover hay, than from clover pasture from which she would make more milk. The butter is the product of the butter fats in the milk. The value of milk is in its solids and not in the amount of water. Rich, dry foods will make more solids in proportion to the water in the milk, and grass will increase the volume of milk and the amount of water in proportion to the solids. The kinds of hay and grass must all be taken into the account. When fed on good silage, cows will give more milk and make more butter than when fed on hay. The rule for feeding is, two pounds of dry fodder for every 100 pounds of live weight.

Prepare the soil for good melon crops by first giving it under drainage unless the sub-soil is open and porous; next by plowing deep and fine, and if the surface is a dead level, he should leave it in ridges eight or ten inches wide. The application of wood ashes—one bushel to a square rod—thoroughly harrowed in, or double the quantity plowed in, has a tendency to keep the soil mellow, and is a good fertilizer. If manures are required, that made from the horse stable is the best for such a soil. The application of sand does not usually show any immediate benefit. Probably a good load of sharp sand to the rod for four or five years, if thoroughly incorporated with the soil, would in the end prove advantageous; but if all were applied at once it would prove injurious. Varieties: Mush melon, Emerald Gem, Surprise, Early Hackensack; water melons, Kolb's Gem and Gipsy. Mountain Sprout and Black Spanish are also good varieties. Home grown seed does not seem to be as sure as that grown South and East.

A correspondent who has a level but rocky piece of ground on which sheep have been running, wrote to the Rural New Yorker for advice as to the best use to make of it, and received this answer: "If the land is so rocky that it cannot be plowed with advantage, he should let it remain in grass and try to bring in much better grasses by sowing 250 or 300 pounds of some high grade complete fertilizer, selecting the one that will give the most nitrogen, phosphoric and potash, at the least cost, giving the preference to the one containing the most nitrogen. Another far cheaper method, but not so rapid, will be to keep sheep on the pasture and give them a pound of cotton seed cake each, per day. Sell the sheep when fat and buy and fatten lean ones, and continue feeding cotton seed cake. If properly managed, the sheep will pay for the feed, and the manure from the cotton seed cake will greatly improve the pasture. If the field has been in grass for many years it will probably not be necessary to sow grass seed, though it could do no harm to sow a little white clover, Alsike clover, rye grass, orchard grass, etc., on the land very early in the spring.

One cannot use the soil as the cook makes a cake or pie, mixing so many ingredients and getting the same results. It varies in composition and character for almost every square foot of it. One plot or one analysis affords little information for the rest of it. The only safe way is to supply sufficient plant food—a square meal, in fact, containing every thing that the crop may or might want—in due proportion. Good stable manure made by well-fed animals is the staple fertilizer, and contains everything that plants require for their fullest and most progtable growth, and in procuring a substitute for it the safest is that mixture of artificial substances which most nearly approaches it in character and is known as complete manure. Consequently it follows that the so-called "tests" with artificial fertilizers as a means of getting an approximate analysis of a soil are delusive and unprofitable.

ABOUT DOCTORS' BILLS.

Many a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and exorbitant bills for medical advice and attendance.

True, the doctor is often a necessary, though expensive visitant of the family circle; nevertheless, pure and well tested remedies—like Warner's Safe Cure—kept on hand for use when required, will be found a paying investment for every household in the land.

Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and yet every ill that flesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity, a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all peoples.

He has now laboratories and warehouses in the United States not only, but in Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia and Burmah. His preparations meet the requirements and effect the cure of a variety of diseases, and are all compounded from medicinal plants of the highest virtue.

Mr. Warner is a man of affairs, of wealth, culture and the highest standing in his own city and throughout the State. His character is the best guarantee of the purity and excellence of his renowned remedies which may be found in every first-class drug store of Europe and America.

The are called the upper crust because they are usually "on the loaf."

$100 REWARD. $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To correct a misapprehension it is hereby announced that the coming Kirmess is not a dog fight.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The pecular diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lustreless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for woman, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Playing cards were originally square. Perhaps card playing was also; but let us not be too credulous.

Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovry. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-renowned and ever growing in favor!

It is the fellow with the sand who lays siege to the girl with the rocks.

Short's Kough Kure costs 25c bottle. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

There are many unexpected occurrences in life, but they do not lie in the direction of surprise parties.

A TRAVELING MAN

Creates Great Excitement in the Empire House.

INDEPENDENCE, Iowa, Oct. 14, 1888.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.:

GENTS—Your Mr. Brooks came here to-night and registered as agent for Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and as he did so, it awakened in me an interest never before realized in a guest at my house. You will not wonder at it when I tell you the story. For years I have been greatly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, the pain and soreness of the joints at times being almost unbearable; could move about only with the use of crutches. In addition to this my stomach became badly diseased, and neuralgia set in, which threatened to end my days. A traveling man stopping with me gave quite a history of your syrup, and the peculiarities of its combination, which induced me to try it. I have taken six bottles, and no act of my life affords me greater satisfaction than in writing you that I am a WELL MAN.

It will be a pleasure for me to answer any communications, for I believe it to be the best remedy ever formulated.

A. J. BOWLEY, Proprietor,
Empire House, Independence, Iowa.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Idaho is developing into the great lead district of the country.

The flow of natural gas at Columbus, O., is estimated at 1,000,000 feet per day.

Of the 101 geographical societies in the world France leads with twenty-nine.

In England it is proposed taking the census every five years instead of every ten.

The population of Africa is eighteen to the square mile; in Europe there are eighty-eight to the same space.

If the water of the ocean were to suddenly cease being compressible its mean depth would be increased by 116 feet.

It is estimated that 50 per cent of gas used in the Pittsburg mills is lost through ineffective methods and bad management.

Prof. Bell says that deafness occuring in childhood is capable of complete removal by suitable instruction in special schools.

Five hundred and thirty-eight million dollars is the highest value placed upon all the minerals mined in the United States any one year.

As an example of instantaneous photography as applicable to the study of the motion of projectiles passing through the air, four negatives were taken of a cannon ball that occupied but one-fourth of a second passing a given space.

Disarming an Unseen Foe.

"This was sometime a paradox," as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Wherever malaria evolves its misty venom to poison the air, and decaying unwholesome vegetation impregnates the water, there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary potent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastened their clutch on the system, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually abandon it altogether. But it is its preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malaria-cursed localities, for it is a certain buckelr of defence against which the enemy is powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and bilious ailments.

Rod furnaces are being successfully heated with water gas in England.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the receipt free of charge.

Germany has secured a coaling station on the coast of Africa. This looks to making it warm for the natives.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Fortune never takes enny boddy by the hand, but she often allows them to take her by the hand.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

K. K. stops any tickling Kough. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

Crimsonbeak gives his wife $5 every time he is out late at night, and afterwards refers to it as a five-dollar gold peace.

The Throat.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

If you Kough at night take K. K. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

—Frank W. Hennessy, Pawtucket, R. I., writes that he gained 33½ pounds and recovered his usual health by the use of MAGEE'S EMULSION.

K. K. Kures Koughs. 25c bottle. Short, the Druggist, Indianapolis.

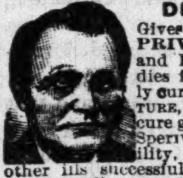
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When baby was sick we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

BIG G
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. R. DYCHE & CO.
Chicago, Ill
$1.00. Sold by Druggists



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Gives his special attention to all PRIVATE DISEASES of Male and Female. Regulating remedies furnished. CANCERS positively cured without the knife. RUPTURE, no cure, no pay. PILES cure guaranteed. Fistula, Fissure, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sterility, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and other ills successfully treated and positively cured. Call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ S. ILL. ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. All letters containing stamps answered, and medicines sent to order.

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HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA
Hood's Sarsaparilla
HOOD'S PAPLOR GAMES
THE PHENOMENAL RECORD of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medical merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparotions entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequaled good name it has made at home, peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hoods Sarsaparilla is the most successful spring medicine and blood purifier before the public.

Spring Medicine

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I procured one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 1, six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Not long ago this old gentleman was a sour, despondent, dyspeptic, invalid, with torpid liver, sallow complexion, irritable temper, and was indescribably miserable, both mentally and physically. Now, as the result of taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, he leads the boys at the running jump, and makes himself a pleasant companion generally. For all Liver, Blood, and Lung Diseases, "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. It purifies the blood, infuses new life, spirits and vigor into the debilitated and despondent; banishes that "tired feeling" of which so many complain, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced below the usual standard of health.

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INJ 12—89 INDPLS

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THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MSS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

The phenomenal success which has attended the publication of The Freeman as an illustrated newspaper has set the curs of the colored press barking. The spleen and jealousy so characteristic of the Negro here asserts itself in prismatic colors. Some of the very best race newspapers have shown their antipathy by a refusal to mention or credit, while others have shown it by their personal digs at the editors independence and agnosticism in politics To all of whom and all of which we say amen.

One of the newest military explosives has just been experimented with in England on an elaborate scale and with surprising results. It possesses under ordinary circumstances a striking disinclination to explode. Hammer it, it is harmless as clay. Put it in the fire, it smoulders dully. Apply friction, it is unresponsive. Shock it with an electric spark, or even a lightning bolt, it is harmless as a brickbat. Put a mass of it on a pile of gunpowder and ignite the latter, it is hurled to one side, unexploded. In brief, it may be handled and transported as freely as so much sand. But apply a detonating cap properly, and it explodes with terrific force, far greater and more destructive than that of dynamite; giving off no smoke, no flame, and no noxious fumes. Its peculiar qualities of action, as well as the safety of its use, indicate that it will prove valuable in mining and other peaceful arts.

The proscription practiced by the Catholic church against colored people was beautifully shown up in the investigation which Senator Edmunds inaugurated recently in Washington, D. C. The Philadelphia Sentinel pertinently says:

"An investigation has lately been brought to light by an inquiry of Senator Edmunds as to the prohibition of colored persons entering for treatment the charitable institutions of Washington. Nearly every one of the institutions for the care of the sick and poor and helpless of humanity is under the auspices of the Catholic church, and in every instance where colored persons have applied for admission they have been refused solely on account of color. The government appropriates every year certain sums of money for the support of these asylums for the poor, and Senator Edmunds has struck at the right time to let the Senate know how it was giving the money of the people to support an unrepublican caste system maintained by a presumably Christian and charitable people."

We respectfully call the attention of Bro. Rudd of the Catholic Tribune to the above facts.

The colored people of the District of Columbia are righteously indignant at the discrimination practice against renting houses to colored people "Close Observer" remarks in the Advocate of that city that:

Nowhere in the northwest portion of the city can a colored person obtain a house where the agent or owner has a possible chance of renting to a white person. Even in the most undesirable portions of the southwest they have allowed their houses to remain vacant for months for white tenants. The same old answer greets every colored applicant in every real estate office—"look on our list for rent—the houses for colored people are marked."

What is true of Washington is true of nearly every northern and eastern city. Respectable colored people cannot not only rent, but cannot buy property in respectable localities. Some of our big leaders who are continually airing their opinions and fighting each other, would greatly improve their time by forming Protective Associations for the purpose of prosecuting these discriminators and protecting the race in its rights.

"Another asteroid" is getting to be so common a telegram between men of science that it causes no longer a ripple of excitement. Very close on to 200 small planetary bodies are now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter. Each one has its own orbit and time, and these have been determined and charted with accuracy. Forty years ago there were but four of these known. The discovery of a fifth astonished the world of scientists—then came a sixth and seventh and before long a baker's dozen were strung on the line. A lull in discovery occurred, only to be followed by such a rush of asteroid enterprise that it became a matter of sport—a sort of appetite sharpener for Peters, or some Dutchman, to angle out a new one before breakfast. The probability is that the full list is by no means yet made out. There are as likely to be 500 as 200. What are they? Scraps of a blown up planet? or are they cosmical stuff drawn into close orbital sympathy, but not cemented into a planet? Two new ones have been recently reported by Parliament.

The nucleus of race troubles in the South is in almost every case a whisky saloon. The parties to it are usually the most vicious elements of both races. A drunken white man and a drunken Negro have in them the conditions of combustion wherever they come in contact. —Ex.

According to the Conservator, there will be "war times" when the next census returns are in. Giving as its reaaons that "there will be a decided difference in the classification of the eight millions of colored people now in America, from that made ten years ago. Then every colored man was either pure black or mulatto. In the coming census, the division will be full-bloods, mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons.

Chauncey M. Depew says the new Secretary of the Navy is addicted to getting seasick. Why didn't he tell President Harrison of this before the appointment was made? How can we ever survive the disgraceful spectacle of our highest naval official hanging over the vessel's side in earnest communion with the spirits of the deep? And when he turns for a moment, with blanched face, to order his men to reef the capstan and luff the hatches, will not the after guard and the for'ard mess and the labbard and stabbard watches give him the razzle dazzle? It will not do at all. We must have a new naval commander, and he must be the saltiest sea dog afloat.

SCINTILLATIONS

There has been no appointment given to the contingent vote by President Harrison. We are still waiting.

For the first time in many seasons St. Patrick's day was a bright, auspicious one, in this part of the country. The wrongs of Erin will yet be righted.

The Freeman has done next to the impossible in Negro journalism. It has accomplished what some of the ablest editors declared impossible and still it is still acheving, and still improving.

Reputable colored lawyers like reputable colored physicians are now in great demand everywhere. The race is in a condition to sustain men of character and ability. Indianapalis needs one badly.

The Washington Bee is in a quandry to know if President Harrison will recognize the "young blood" of the race or continue to "honor" the "old heads" who have been before the public ever since emancipation. Have patience Bro. Chase.

Colored politicians often make it hard on each other by the silly and servile strictures which they place on each others conduct. A white Republican can vote as he pleases and still be a Republican. Why not allow this privilege to the black Republican?

Mr. Blaine it is said wants to send a white man to Liberia as minister. Mr. Blaine would fill all the offices with white men were it in his power. He like, a great many Republican leaders, regards the Negro highly only in the light of a voter and never as an office holder.

The policy which President Harrison has inaugurated of appointing new men to office will in the end redound to the best interest of all. Especially is this true as it pertains to the colored people. He evidently understands that new men, a new leadership has come upon the sphere of action.

The Memphis Scimitar advises the whites of North Carolina to encourage the Negro exodus from that State; and suggests that as fast as the Negroes leave to place white tenants in their stead. It believes that this policy will better the condition of the South. Query—Where are the whites to come from? Judge Tougee says that a Northern white man has a harder time in North Carolina than the Negroes.

There is no better evidence of the real need of a strong and independent colored press than the fact that nearly every white newspaper published in the South is full of misrepresentations of the Negro. Every Negro with a grain of sense or a spark of race pride should give his subscription and encouragement to at least one colored newspaper. The press is a powerful factor in the moulding of sentiment.

The custom of colored candidates of accusing each other of having been at one time independent or democratic will in the end redound to the injury of all. Nearly every man who is a candidate for position is charged by his opponent for the same place, of having bolted the ticket, and a counter charge is made and result will be, a white man will be the dark horse. Our opinion is that the man who has never bolted a ticket or never exercised his right as an American citizen hasn't sense enough to hold a first-class position.

RACE
GLEANINGS
JWC

The Vindicator, Eufala, Ala., demands a colored policeman and councilman for that city.

The grounds and buildings of the principal market in Wilmington, N. C., are owned by colored men.

The Washington Press urges the name of Hon. Fred Douglass for one of the Commissioners of the District.

Howard University at Washington has recently received a gift of $1,427.50 endowment money, two hundred dollars for the book and scholarship fund.

Sam Williams is the colored giant of Georgia. He lives near Albany, is six feet six and wears a number 16 shoe. He performs a few tricks and is a song and dance artist, when not working in the field.

The tail end of the inaugural procession at Washington was made up of a company of colored men. This leads us to remark, without boasting, that the colored man is at the tail end of everything in this country.—Leavenworth Advocate.

At Cotton Hill, Alabama, a goat fell into a farmer's well, and the farmer sent a colored man down in the well after the goat and rewarded him with the remnants of the childrens' dinner. A good deal of the work in Alabama is paid for in this wise.

Wm. Parker, a colored waiter, of New Brunswick, N. J., met Lizzie Hewlett, an English girl, nineteen years old, at Asbury Park, last summer. They were married and lived together until recently, when Mrs. Parker's brother and sister arrived from England and took her away.

Out of a class of seventy-two doctors who graduated from the Chicago Homeopathic College, one J. Herman was the only colored doctor, and he graduated at the head of his class. This week Cleveland comes to the front with a similar record for Dr. John E. Hunter, who graduated in that city and was universally conceded to be one of the very best doctors in the class.

Rev. E. M. Brawley, D. D., is getting out a book of about 300 pages entitled "The Negro Baptist Pulpit." The book will contain twenty-eight sermons setting forth and vindicating Baptist beliefs and a chapter pointing out the line of work in education and missions. It will be brought out about the first of May, by the American Baptist Publication Society.

C. W. ANDERSON, Esq.,
Author and Critic of New York.

The girls of Cornell have won half the scholarships of the year. They have been peculiarly successful in prizes for mathematics, architecture and botany. It is curious that there is no branch of study in which the feminine mind more often shows supremacy than in the science of figures. Is woman after all more of a logician than man? The papers presented by the girls are said to be among the best ever presented for examination. Yet the Journal of Pedagogy insists that this settles nothing, and that we are as far as ever from a settlement of the vexed question of woman's intellectual equality with man. Success in an examination under the spur of rivalry it holds, does not settle anything. Then make the spurs of equal length.

The Crusade says Madame Selike is a Cherokee. We have heard she was a Creole. After all, she may be just "plain common everyday colored people."

THREE COLORED ARTISTS.

Of New York Mme. V. A. Montgomery, Miss Blanch D. Washington, and Mrs. Albert Wilson.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Paramount to the pleasure it affords me to present to the readers of "The Freeman" some simple facts concerning the lives of three eminent women of New York three musicial artists whose genuine merit can no where be denied, is the knowledge that on countless occasions, before the public, of various cities, they have fully attested their superior musical attainments, and that no tribute, that lies within the bounds of reason no matter how flattering it may seem, could exaggerate the actual accomplishments of these majetic women. They were all born of poor, hard working parents; their studies began in a day when prejudice was deeply felt, when they appeared before the public which was not ready to appreciate them. Our people had so long been accustomed to the weird, wildly enlivening strains, of stringed instruments that to many well-meaning persons the piano requiring so much attention and particularly, delicate supple hands, (so, forming a a striking contrast to the requirements of a fiddle, banjo, or guitar) the music roll and piano suggested "school-bred-worthlessness" this and dishearting showers of comments, criticisms, and from persons whose knowledge of music was pitifully lacking in every essential was brought to bear upon any who appeared before our audiences with notes. Undaunted, these women, struggled, taking even the motto of our magnificient city as the goal upon which their hopes were cast, until the musical world about them divining their purpose cried. Excelsoir!

By the genuineness of their talents developed and perfected through their own indomitable will and perseverance they do credit to our great city, as well as the race at large. Their influence in their respective circles, can not be estimated. These three are especially representative, in that they, from among a large number of artists, taken those who actually represent professions or classes.

Mme. V. A. Montgomery, Prenueo Pianoist Soloist, and Organist.

Miss Blanch D. Washington, eminently successful teacher of the piano and Vocalization.

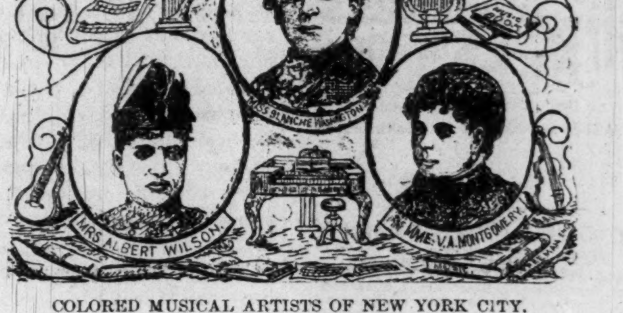
Mrs. Albert Wilson, Unexcelled accompanist.

In presenting this paper, I trust that this, and, subsequent papers will not fail in conveying to the race-loving and thoughtful mind, the quality and worth of those whose genius, and well applied efforts entitles our city to the dazzling need in the world of harmonious sounds and brilliant performance.

TEACHER OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Miss Blanche D. Washington's musical career has had somewhat of a chequered existence, owing to ill-health, which has prevented her from appearing very extensively in public. At the age of thirteen, she commenced the study of the piano under some of the most prominent professors of New York City. Her progress was so rapid that all who knew her prophesied great things in the future for her. At the age of fifteen she began teaching some little friends of hers, and from that time on her life has been passed chiefly in teaching music, and in that time her success has been greatest. With justifiable pride she may refer to many of her former pupils who have in turn become teachers, chief of whom are Mrs. Albert Wilson, accompainest to Miss Flora Batson; Miss V. Hunt, organist of Mt. Olivet Church; Mrs. Decumbus, of Newark; Miss Minnie Hays, of Wilmington, Del., and others.

For several years she studied the piano unremittingly, playing occasionally in concerts, always receiving flattering notices in lieu of her quality as a piano soloist. At one time she became ambitious to have her voice cultivated. Glancing over a newspaper one day she, by chance, read an advertisement that at once attracted her attention. It proved to be from a prominent tenor opera singer, desiring a good soprano voice, which in event of "proving satisfactory instruction would be given gratis, and the lady educated for the opera." She immediately applied, and an audience given her, and her voice tried. The result was that out of eighty-five white applicants she was chosen. Her joy knew no bounds, for her teacher being an opera singer of note, was in a position to advance her considerably. For two years she studied music and Italian to fit herself for the opera, learning the scores of "Norma," "Rigoletta" and "Lucia." At this important crisis her health began to fail. Her teacher sure of her ultimate success had made an appointment with the famous impresairo. Strakosch, to hear her sing the part of "Adalgisa" in "Norma," a violent attack of asthma, a complaint that from childhood has followed all through her life, blasting her hopes and almost robbing her of the desire of life. Continued ill-health discouraged all hopes concerning the opera. She still kept up her vocal study, however, and succeeded in getting engagements to sing in several white church choirs, appearing also occasionally in concerts given by both races, meeting with considerable success.



COLORED MUSICAL ARTISTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Through her life she has had many offers to travel in concerts and light operas, but was always prevented from accepting by ill-health. Acting upon the advice of an eminent physician, she left her home in New York, to try a milder climate. Finding her name as a leading instrumentalist was well known in the city of Washington, D. C., and meeting with cordiality whenever she appeared in that role, she decided to settle there, remaining eight years, where she not only appeared as vocalist and pianist, but was successful in securing a large class of pupils. Again her health began to fail. Somewhat despondent she returned to her home in New York City to die, as she then thought. This was not to be, however, for through Providence and the care of a devoted mother, with her own hopeful disposition, she is fast regaining comparative health. In speaking of her recogtion on her return from Washington, she says, "I can speak with pride and pleasure, that it is a source of gratification to me that, notwithstanding the many changes in New York during eight years, and the super-abundance of teachers, my name has not been forgotten." It is unutterably sad to contemplate the many overwhelming disappointments thrust by ill health in this true artist's life. Yet notwithstanding all her drawbacks in this city as a model teacher her fame is second to none.

Mme. V. A. Montgomery was born in New York City. Her education in music is due mainly to the indefatigueable efforts of her mother, Madame Magnau, who in the course of her life, was called upon by adverse circumstances to make many noble self denials, that her gifted daughter might excel all others in the ranks of musical aspirants. Her desire in this direction may be likened to Chesterfield's advice to his son, "Strive to excel leaders and you may accomplish something above the average." Madame Magnan was in every respect qualified to guide, perfect and encourage her daughter's talent. Passionately fond of the fine old operas bequeathed to the world by such as Donizetti, Mozart, Verdi, Bellini Rossini, Meyerbeer and Floh, it was to her a pleasant task to explain to the young pianist the beauties of this class of music. Possessing a voice of rare sweetness, Madame Magnan frequently sang in public, almost always taking her selections from some one of the operas by the above composers. 'Twas upon these occasions that she seems to have felt most the need of an accompanist who was not only in sympathy with her singing, but who appreciated the exquisite cadenzas from close association with the music, and an accurate knowledge of the ever-varying expressions—in such an atmosphere Virginia Adeh Montgomery was nurtured. Method and execution was imparted to her by Prof. Samuel C. Waldron. When she was but eight years old she first appeared as accompanist to her mother in Cooper Union, the affair being a concert given for the benefit of Shiloh Presbyterian Church, Henry Highland Garnet, D. D., pastor. Though her success in the years that followed has been no wise limited, yet as a souvenir nothing is more sacred to her than a yellow concert bill announcing her first appearance, handsomely framed in guilt—this is one of her treasures. As a piano soloist Mme. Montgomery has always been a success, her pose while at the instrument being that prescribed by good form and faultless tastes, while her movements suggest exquisite artistic finish, combined with a most charming individuality. She has performed in the most of our principle cities, both as piano soloist and accompanist, her association has ever been among our most celebrated musical talent. For twelve years she held the position of organist in Bethel A. M. E. Church, the largest A. M. E. Church in the city at the present, and for a number of years she has officiated as organist of St. Philips, the only colored Episcopal church in the city. Not yet in the prime of life, presaging by her past accomplishments, the race at large may reasonably expect to score a brilliant trophy in the realm of music through her excellent merit and faithfully performed labor.

Mrs. Albert Wilson, better known as Mme, Gassaway, was born and educated in New Yew York City. She began the study of music at the tender age of seven years under the direction of Miss Blanche D. Washington, continuing with her for eight years. Apt and quick to learn, she found herself at the end of that time prepared to study alone, so taking such works as Chopin, Hayden, Bach, Beethoven and Mendlesohn, she studied indefatiguebly for several years. For a short time she gave instructions in music, but being of a highly nervous organization, soon found the duties resting upon her as music teacher so great a mental strain that at the urgent advice of her parents and advisors soon saw the necessity for discontinuing the work. In looking over the Annals of Music she saw no field so uncultivated as the true art of accompanying well. Henceforth this became her specialty—her forte, for among singers her name always brings comfort and courage. The universal expression is, that a singer may always rely upon her accompaniment should help be needed. This while no small praise, is fully merited, for her accompaniment is of such a quality, that even wins favor for the singer, if anything—perfect in accuracy, yet soft and flute like; never seeming the singer's rival, as is often the case in our notable concerts. In 1881-2, as Miss Georgia Miller (her maiden name), she was connected with the New Orleans University singers, meeting with splendid success always. With them she traveled extensively East, West and South. As a piano soloist and accompanist her work has in no wise been limited. By close application to the study and her natural energy, she has earned a proud name for herself among the votaries of music. Among the many artists that she has accompanied can be mentioned "Selika," the peerless queen of classical arrangement; Mme. Nellie Brown Mitchell, Mme. Stewart, Cora Lee Watson, and Flora Batson, with whom she travelled considerably. In the light of her past accomplishments and her present vigorous health, there is no question but that she will in the future ably sustain the high esteem her rank as piano soloist and accompanist entitles her to, not only in the appreciation of those of her own city, but wherever she has appeared. Victoria Earle.

New York, March 17, '89.

JOHN H. PENROSE.

A Narrative of a Rising and Promising Young Man.

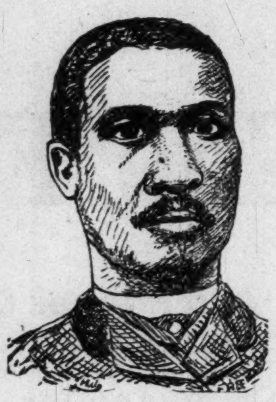
Among the many things in life with which one has to contend is ignorance. Not that feeling of ignorance which creates a desire or makes one hungry for knowledge, or incites one to cultivate and develop the higher and nobler qualities in man; but it is that kind of ignorance which characterizes what we term ignoramuses, who seem to think that what they do not know isn't worth knowing at all.

Any young man or woman who has an aim in life, and who does not allow the follies of ignorance to stand in the way as a barrier and impede their progress may be considered great heroes. Such a man is John H. Penrose, of Washington, D. C., who was born in 1863, near Boydtown, Mecklenburg county, Va., on the 7th of June. Realizing the power of knowledge and the advantage of an education, he began school life at the age of nine years, going five months of each year till 1880, when he attended High School at Boydtown Institute, formerly known as the Randolph aud Macon College; and after being prepared for usefulness as a teacher in one of the public schools of that county, he engaged in teaching for about eight months. In the fall of '83 he went to Wayland Seminary, where he is now employed as tutor, and completed a three years course in two years. Becoming tired of teaching, he had a desire to enrich his experience by traveling. Accordingly, in 1887, he sailed to Cape Verd and thence to Rio Janerio, South America. After spending some time there he sailed through the West Indies on his homeward voyage to New York. Shortly after returning home he again resumed his work as teacher in Rockville, Md., until he was selected by the Baptist Home Missionary Society to teach in Wayland Seminary.

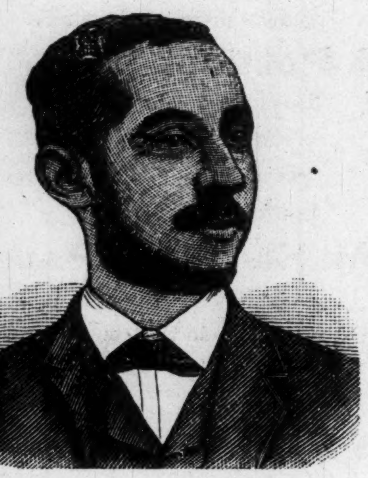
We hope that our timid young men and women will take new courage when reading this sketch and press on toward the heights of their ambition, regardless of what may seem to them hindrances.

DOES THIS STRIKE YOU??

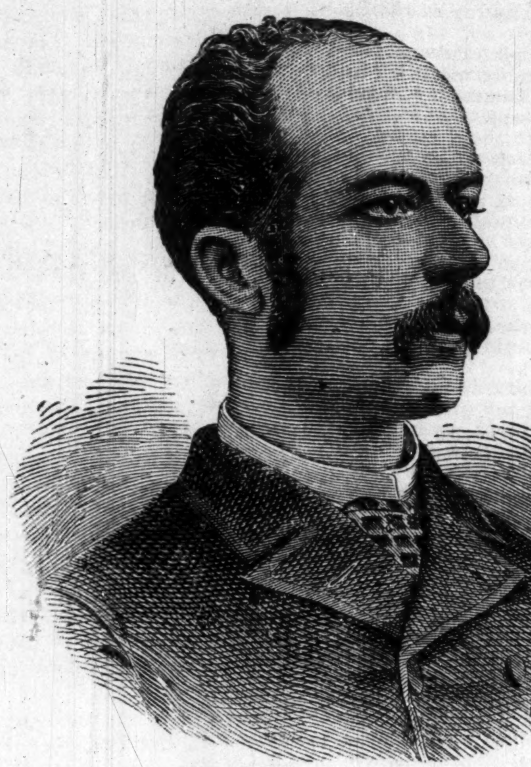
Why a man who got on the stump and and stumped for $50, a night and expenses, and jumped at the chance; considers the administration still in his debt, beats calculation.—Washington Bee.



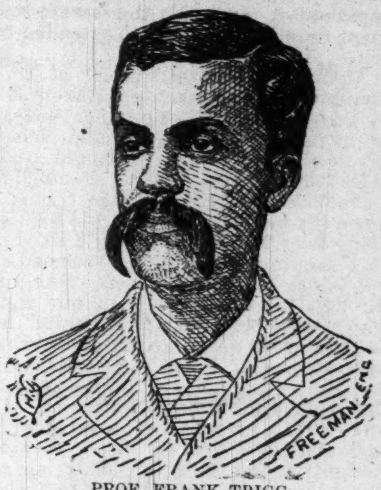
REV. JOSEPH C. CROSS,
Of Battle Creek, Mich.



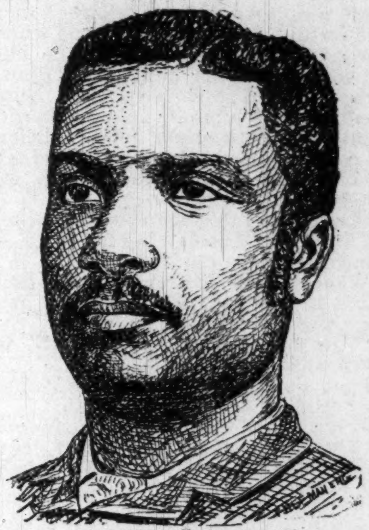
PROF. D. B. WILLIAMS,
Of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.



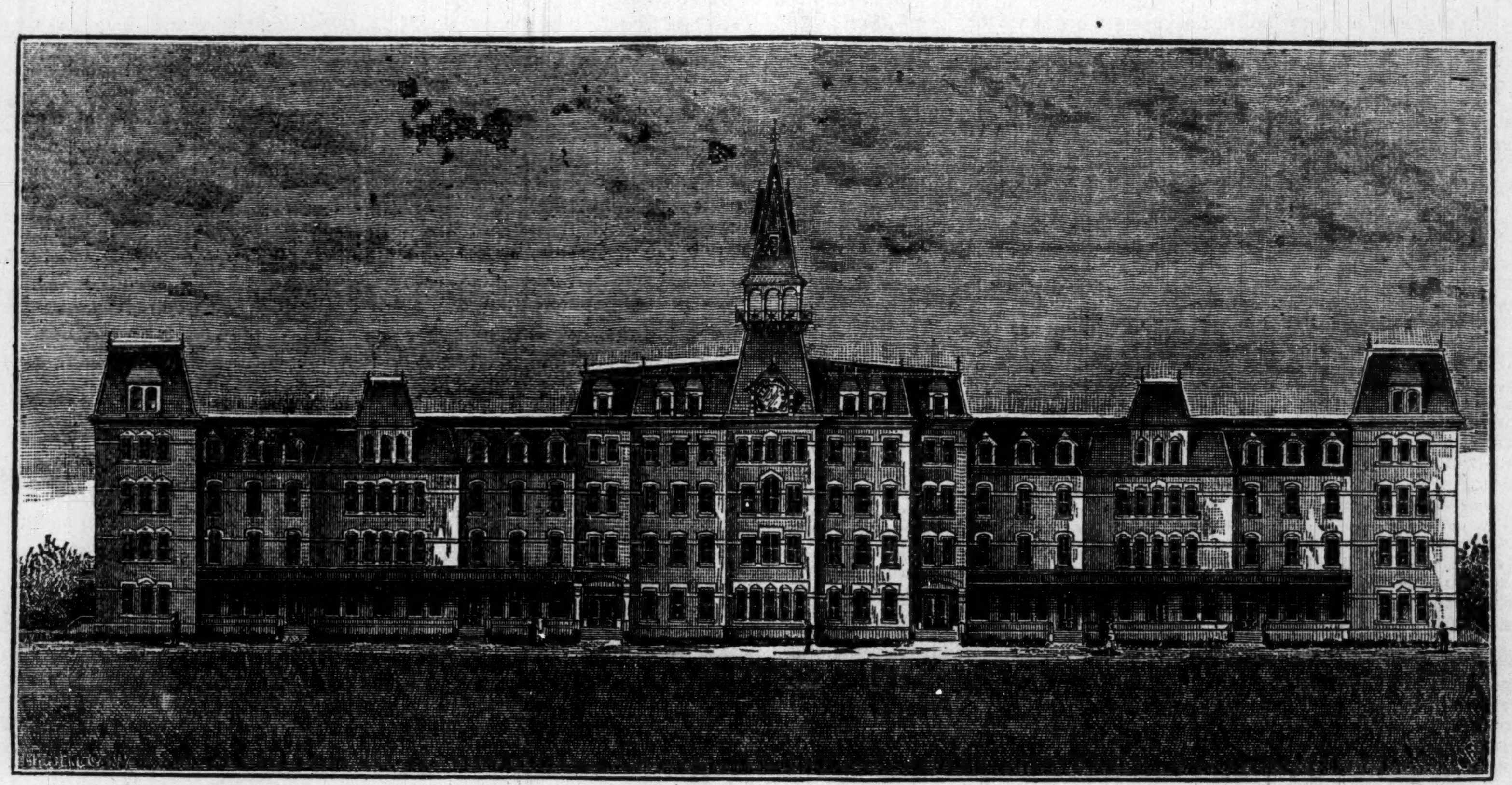
PROF. J. HUGO JOHNSON,
President of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, of Petersburg, Va.



PROF. FRANK TRIGG,
Of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.



JOHN H. PENROSE,
Of Washington, D. C.



THE VIRGINIA STATE NORMAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE FOR COLORED YOUTHS AT PETERSBURGH.

THE CHURCH
HOLY BIBLE
FREEMAN

Bishop H. M. Turner is now sojourning in Texas.

***

St. Thomas church, of Philadelphia, is said to have been offered $5,000 more for its property than was paid for it.

***

Cardinal Gibbons has started a paper called the Colored Harvest, which is to circulate among the colored Roman Catholics.

***

The Christian Ministers' Conference of New York City, embraces some of the ablest ministers of all denominations in that and adjacent States.

***

Rev. Frances J. Grinke, of Washington, D. C., is the unanimous choice of the colored press for appointment as trustee on the Board of the Slater fund.

***

Joseph Griffin, a colored ecclesiast of Virginia, is studying for the church in St. Peter's college, near Liverpool with another colored man named James Brown.

***

"A Casket of Pulpit Thought" is the title of a new book by Rev. W. H. Coleman, of Newark, O. It is a 250 page collection of sermons by the ministers of the A. M. E. church, and also contains a sketch of the life of Rev. Coleman.

***

Rev. Phillip A. Bruce, of Virginia, has contributed to the series of articles "Questions of the day," a book entitled, 'The Plantation Negro as a Freeman." The work is being voluminously reviewed and is attracting considerable attention at present, because of the agitation of the much mooted "Negro Problem."

***

Members of the Washington Conference of the A. M. E. church complained at their last session that monies deposited in the "conference trunk," the fund for charitable departments of the church, had not been strictly and correctly accounted for. The difficulty seems to have arisen from mismanagement and measures were taken to have the business conducted in a more business like manner.

GLEANINGS FROM KANSAS.

Colored Men Nominated---The Press Endorse J. L. Waller for U. S. Minister to Hayti---A Colored Director in a Prominent Banking House.

The American Citizen, a colored paper published in this city, is making a a strong effort to raise money to purchase a press. The Freeman wishes it success in its undertaking. At the Primaries held here on the 16th inst, the proficient and worthy Judge, W. I. Jamison who does as much business as any Justice in the county, was renominated for 3d term and Mr. James Page, an energetic and promising young man, was nominated for constable. This gives us one out of three Justices of the Peace, also one out of three constables, or a third representation in a city of $50,000 inhabitant, of which 10,000 are colored.

Ex-Auditor E. P. McCabe, who has for a long time been a resident of this city, has sold his property here, and has gone to Washington, D. C., with his family.

The Republican Press of this State almost unanimously endorse the candidacy of J. L. Waller, of this city for United States Minister to Hayti. Mr. S. W. Winn, the very efficient clerk of the Banking House of John D. Knox & Co., who by his energetic business qualifications, succeeded in winning the confidence and esteem of his employers, has been elected one of the Directors in the John D. Knox, Land, Loan and Investment Company.

He is the only colored man in the State holding such a position.

An Amatuer Minstrel Troupe has been organized here under the direct supervision of and management of Messrs Ed. Johnson and Joe Wilson. The company has several engagements to fill, and is composed of the best talent in the city.

The Freeman is becoming, as it well merits, exceedingly popular here. It cannot fail to challenge the admiration of all who are interested in the advancement of the Negro and who appreciates an excellent journal. It can be found on sale at the following places: Caldwell's Hatcher & Lytle's barber shop; also at Anderson's grocery.

P. H. BRAY, Topeka, Kansas.

THE BEST NEGRO JOURNAL.

Gate City Press says:

The boldest venture in Negro journalism is the handsomely illustrated eight page Freeman, published at Indianapolis by E. E. Cooper. Last week's issue contained ten well executed large sized cuts of leading colored people, among whom are Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, Mrs. Mary Ella Mossell, Miss Ida B. Wells (Iola), Hon. James M. Townsend, Edwin Fletcher Horn and others, also a scene representing a ticket seller at a prominent theater refusing to sell tickets in the parquet circle to pair of well dressed colored people on the ground that they were all sold, but a seedy looking Irishman who came up was told there were plenty of good seats left yet. Editor Cooper is surely shooting at the stars But where will his arrow strike? Let us hope it will go straight to the sun. To succeed it would seem that the Negro must attempt the impossible nay, perform it. However brief his glory Editor Cooper can boast of the most pretentious newspaper yet published by a Negro.

Virginia Lancet says:

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical make up and mechanical arrangement published by colored men in this country is the Freeman an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advice them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.

Baptist Messenger Baltimore, Md., says:

We were greatly pleased to find among our exchanges the welcome face of The Freeman, an eight page paper published at Indianapolis, Indiana. Perusing its contents of intelligent and instructive articles we became convinced of its superiority as a paper of untold worth to its thousands of eager readers, and one that should find its way into the home of every colored family in this broad land.

The first page has an admirable wood cut engraving of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, the champion of equal rights and religious liberty, together with an article upon some of the sorest trials and political acheivments of this great defender of his race.

The Freeman is a harbinger of instruction and a beacon light in the phalanx of journalism; We wish it God speed.

The Baptist Leader, Selma, Alabama, says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is the most extensive paper both in size and information, published by colored people in the United States It gathers news from the Lakes to the Gulf, from Maine to California, and watches the cables from the distant shores. It is a six column eight page weekly with cuts and biographical sketches of the leading men and women of our race.

The Star of Zion says:

The Indianapolis Freeman is certainly making a worthy record for itself as an illustrated Negro journal. It is the first enterprise of the kind ever undertaken, and deserves all the success it is likely to receive, and more. It is popular. able and vigorous in its editorial utterances. It is filling a long felt want, and we bid Brother Cooper Godspeed in his commendable effort.

The Philadelphia Sentinel says:

The initial pictorial journal of the race in the United States, so far as in known, has just been issued by Mr. Edward E. Cooper, a widely known Indiana newspaper man, who for the last two years has been the proprietor and editor of The Freeman, a strong and independent sheet published in Indianapolis. The paper has been made into an illustrated paper, with the same name The Freeman. The following mention of it is clipped from the Boston Morning Herald of the 17th inst.:

"It is a six column eight-page sheet. On the first page there is an engraving representing the colored Americans passing from slavery to emancipation The central figure is that of Abraham Lincoln unloosening the shackles from the limbs of the slaves. An excellen likeness of the Hon. Frederick Douglass adorns one page, and scenes from his life are given as follows: Mrs. Auld, his Mistress' daughter, teaching him to read; his first escape from slavery; found in the woods by his old friend "Sandy"; capture and imprisonment in jail; second escape and an encounter with a mob in Indiana; Marshall at President Garfield's administration; revisit to his old home in Maryland; his present home in Anacostia. There are other features in the paper which make it a most valuable journal for both white and black Americans who wish to keep themselves posted as to the progress of the race in all the departments of life." It is to be hoped that our people in Boston will take an interest in, and become subscribers for The Freeman. The subscription is $2.50 per year, and $1.35 for six months. It is well worth twice the amount.

In Philadelphia last year 72,000,000 yards of carpet made were by the 7,250 looms and the 17,800 persons employed in the industry. The value was $45,000,000.

Madame Selike will soon sing in Memphis, Tenn.

Henrietta Vinton Davis is reading down East.

Miss Flora Batson sings at Beale St., church, Memphis, Tenn., this week.

Miss Elnora Nahar, recited at the G mke welcome last Tuesday night.

C. S. Morris, the young dramatic reader, of Louisville, Ky., is now in Washington, D. C.

The Miller Qurtette, assisted by W. I. Powell, the "king of fun," made quite a hit in Philadelphia recently.

Every college now-a days has its jubilee singers. The latest entree are the Tuskegee jubilee singers who are "doing" Georgia.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, when last heard from were finishing a tour of New Zeland after which it is their intentention to visit Queensland, give a short farewell season in Melbourne and then East India, China and Japan, thence homeward via California.

The Winter Wood troupe are about to assume a new role. Up to this date they have attempted nothing but drama but they have decided to take a step higher. Accordingly, they have secured a new and popular play known as "Snowbound," which combines the best qualities of comedy, opera and drama.

A Question in Natural History.

The Epoch.

"Pa," asked sleepy Bobby, "can I ask you one more question, if it ain't foolish?"

"Ya'as," almost shouted the old man, who was trying to read.

"Well, if a toad had a tail, pa, would it interfere with his jumpin' or would it help him like it does the kangaroo?"

In less time than it takes to tell it Bobby was between the sheets.

AFTER A LONG NAP.

"What you doing with that brick?"

"I have a house to sell, and this brick is a specimen."

This joke is 2800 B. C.

Tom Zimmerman heard that a raven lived to be four hundred years old, and he purchased one to try the experiment.

'Bose White bought a horse and taugh him to live without eating. He did very well until the horse had learned, then the animal died.

"What can I do for you?" said Aleck to Diogenes.

"Nothing, only to get out of my light," and Diog crawled back into his tub.

Country Cousin (to young lady who pushes spittoon toward him)—By gosh! Cousin Sal, ef you doan't git that ar durned thing out of the way I'll spit in it.

Why does a bricklayer lay bricks? Because he can't lay an egg.—Ancient inscription in the Pyramid.

Why does a dog wag his tail? Because the tail can't wag the dog.—Age of Ptolemy, 3,00 B. C.

Why does the sun shine in the daytime? Because it can't shine at night. —Precepts of Confucius.

Why does a blind man feel his way? Because he can't see.—Ancient MSS from the tomb of Pharaoh.

It's all over town. What? Mud.—B. C. 9560.

"A number of good ones 'fell in the soup' last night."

"Good what?"

"Oysters."

Hatched with an incubator—4-11-44 B. C.

"Guess who I saw on the street today?"

"Who?"

"A policeman."

Born in the year 45 B. C.

"Well, the grand old fellow is dead."

"Who is that?"

"George Washington."

Copyrighted by Goliah in the time of Joseph's coat of many colors.

A disgruntled Georgian says that with a mustard plaster and two green flies he can reproduce the climate of Florida.

DYSPEPTICS.

They Are a Hrrd Lot to Please in the Matter of Cooking.

Toronto Globe.

There used to be an old notion, which obtained even among people of intelligence, that so-called "good things," that is to say, articles of food that were pleasant to the taste, should be tabooed by dyspeptics. From this notion rose the other equally absurd one that all sorts of tasteless and insipid messes, from which the family dog and cat would turn with glances of-ill-concealed scorn, were the very things to cheer the discouraged stomach and give fresh life to its saddened proprietor. This mistake has created a prejudice against plainly-cooked food and it has become the proud boast of certain patent medicine venders, that by taking their prescription the victims of indigestion can eat what they like.

Dyspeptics commonly regard the average so-called good cook as nothing better than a culinary criminal. All her preparations pall upon them, and they remind one, as they sit at a well spread table, of the ship-wrecked mariners who had water; water all around, and not a drop to drink. These unfortunates have food in plenty all around, and not a bit to eat. Confident must the physician be who would n hesitate to undertake the cure of any confirmed dyspeptic. Yet it could be done by diet alone. All the pills should be buried in the back yard and their graves abundantly watered by the contents of all the medicine bottles in the house.

There is no one who stands so much in need of appetizing, wholesome, nutritious food as the dyspeptic. He is thin because he is half starved, and he eats a great deal because his weak stomach extracts as little nutriment from a pound of food as a strong one would from a quarter of a pound. No doubt he eats rapidly and reads the paper at the same time; and quite likely he sits down to the table when he is tired, and rushes off to work the moment the meal is over. Those bad habits can be overcome by the dyspeptic; all the rest may be left to the cook.

The most important fact for the latter personage to remember is that, in order to digest well, food must "taste good." What is unpleasant in the mouth can not be other than disagreeable in the stomach. But the appetizing taste must not be imparted by condiments, which are as injurious to a dyspeptic's diet as a painted blush on the cheek of innocence. Every article of food has a distinct character of its own; and the object of artistic cookery is to preserve this delicate, individual flavor, and not to cover it coarsely with pepper or nutmeg. When food that is not highly seasoned is disliked, the probability is that the material is bad in the first place, or else that it is badly cooked. A simple dish cooked to perfection needs not the foreign aid of condiment, but is, when unspiced, spiced the most. Better to a dyspeptic is a dinner of boiled rice, in which every grain is dry, soft, snowy and delicious, than a table full of luxuries with stomachic strife thereafter. The one ingredient necessary to the success of even the simplest dish is brains. Our latest kitchen assistant was surprised to find that her poached eggs were all hard when they had been cooked only a minute ago and she had set them in the oven for that length of time to keep hot. She was surprised again when we distinguished between a loaf of bread that had a piece of butter the size of a thimble worked in it previous to baking, and one that was not thus contaminated. Shortening, says a dyspeptic acquaintance, is so called because it shortens the life of those who habitually use it.

Nothing is more indigestible than articles of food into which lard, butter or other fat has been cooked. Some housekeepers, always spoken of as good, make a practice putting lard or butter or saleratus into their bread. This, considered as a staff of life, is a broken reed. Others, who know that a particle of fat in soup renders it in some degree indigestible, will blandly assure the owner of a weak stomach that her cake is very plain, when he knows that the amount of butter in a single slice would lie on his consciousness like the memory of a crime. Everything that is fried is open to the same objection.

We once had the good fortune to see a gifted lady, a celebrated teacher of the cook's art, fry a beefsteak almost literally under our very nose. She did not pound it—she expressed a poor opinion of a steak so tough as to require such treatment—nor would she turn it with a fork, as that allows the juices to escape. The steak was placed, without a particle of butter or other fat, in a frying pan so hot that it almost immediately seared it on one side; then it was turned and seared on the other, and, lastily, it was sprinkled with salt and pepper, a lump of butter placed upon it (a very different thing from cooking it in butter) and it was passed around among the spectators, many of whom cut off small pieces and pronounced it delicious. For a dyspeptic who could not content himself on vegetarian diet, part of a steak cooked in this manner with a mealy potato, a piece of stale bread not less than twenty-four hours old, a dish of stewed apples, unseasoned and lightly sweetened, would make a dinner sufficient and satisfactory; and, if eaten slowly, it is safe to say that it would be digested.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATTACK.

Slowly, and without the slightest appearance of haste or excitement, the three columns crept on. When within about five hundred yards of us the main or center column halted at the root of a tongue of open plain which ran up into the hill to enable the other two to circumvent our position, which was shaped more or less in the form of a horse-shoe, the two points being toward the town of Loo, their object being, no doubt, that the threefold assault should be delivered simultaneously.

"Oh, for a Gatling gun!" groaned Good, as he contemplated the serried phalanxes beneath us. "I would clear the plain in twenty minutes."

"We have not got one, so it is no use yearning for it; but suppose you try a shot, Quatermain. See how near you can go to that tall fellow who appears to be in command. Two to one you miss him, and an even sovereign, to be honestly paid if ever we get out of this, that you don't drop the ball within ten yards."

This piqued me, so, loading the express with solid ball, I waited till my friend walked some ten yards out from his force, in order to get a better view of our position, accompanied only by an orderly, and then, lying down and resting the express upon a rock, I covered him. The rifle, like all expresses, was only sighted to three hundred and fifty yards, so to allow for the drop in trajectory I took him half-way down the neck, which ought, I calculated, to find him in the chest. He stood quite still and gave me every opportunity, but whether it was the excitement or the wind, or the fact of the man being a long shot I don't know, but this was what happened. Getting dead on, as I thought, a fine sight, I pressed, and when the puff of smoke had cleared away, I, to my disgust, saw my man standing unharmed, whilst his orderly, who was at least three paces to the left, was stretched upon the ground, apparently dead. Turning swiftly, the officer I had aimed at began to run toward his force, in evident alarm.

"Bravo, Quatermain!" sung out Good; "you've frightened him."

This made me very angry, for if possible to avoid it, I hate to miss in public. When one can only do one thing well one likes to keep up one's reputation. Moved quite out of myself at my failure, I did a rash thing. Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with a second barrel. The poor man threw up his arms, and fell forward on his face. This time I had made no mistake; and—I say it as a proof of how little we think of others when our pride or reputation is in question—I was brute enough to feel delighted at the sight.

The regiment who had seen the feat cheered wildly at this exhibition of the white man's magic, which they took as an omen of success, while the force to which the general had belonged—which, indeed, as we afterward ascertained, he had commanded—began to fall back in confusion. Sir Henry and Good now took up their rifles, and began to fire, the latter industriously "browing" the dense mass before him with a Winchester repeater, and I also had another shot or two, with the result that so far as we could judge we put some eight or ten men horse de combat before they got out of range.

Just as we stopped firing there came an ominous roar from our far right, then a similar roar from our left. The two other divisions were engaging us.

After the sound the mass of men before us opened out a little, and came on toward the hill up the spit of bare grassland at a slow trot, singing a deep-throated song as they advanced. We kept up a steady fire from our rifles as they came, Ignosi joining in occasionally, and accounted for several men, but of course produced no more effect upon that mighty rush of armed humanity than he who throws pebbles does on the advancing wave.

On they came, with a shout and clashing of spears; now they were driving in the outposts we had placed among the rocks at the foot of the hill. After that the advance was a little slower, for although as yet we had offered no serious opposition, the attacking force had to come up hill, and came slowly to save their breath. Our first line of defense was about half way up the side, our second fifty yards further back, while our third occupied the edge of the plain.

On they came, shouting their war-cry, "Twala! Twala! Chiele! Chiele!" (Twala! Twala! Smite! Smite!) "Ignosi! Ignosi! Chiele! Chiele!" answered our people. They were quite close now, and the tollas, or throwing-knives began to flash backward and forward, and now with an awful yell the battle closed in.

To and fro swayed the mass of struggling warriors, men falling thick as leaves in an autumn wind; but before long the superior weight of the attacking force began to tell, and our first line of defense was slowly pressed back, till it merged into the second. Here the struggle was very fierce, but again our people were driven back and up, till at length, within twenty minutes of the fight, our third line came into action.

But by this time the assailants were much exhausted, and had besides lost many men killed and wounded, and to break through that third impenetrable hedge of spears proved beyond their power. For awhile the dense mass of struggling warriors swung backward and forward in the fierce ebb and flow of battle, and the issue was doubtful. Sir Henry watched the desperate struggle with a kindling eye, and then without a word he rushed off, followed by Good, and flung himself into the hottest of the fray. As for myself, I stopped where I was.

The soldiers caught sight of his tall form as he plunged in the battle, and there rose a cry of—

"Nanzia Incuba!" (Here is the Elephant!) "Chiele! Chiele!"

From that moment the issue was no longer in doubt. Inch by inch, fighting with desperate gallantry, the attacking force was pressed back down the hillside, till at last it retreated upon its reserves in something like confusion. At that moment, too, a messenger arrived to say that the left attack had been repulsed; and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that the affair was over for the present, when, to our horror, we perceived our men who had been engaged in the right defense being driven toward us across the plain, followed by swarms of the enemy, who had evidently succeeded at this point.

Ignosi, who was standing by me, took in the situation at a glance, and issued a rapid order. Instantly the reserve regiment round us (the Grays) extended itself.

Again Ignosi gave a word of command, which was taken up and repeated by the captains, and in another second, to my intense disgust, I found myself involved in a furious onslaught upon the advancing foe. Getting as much as I could behind Ignosi's huge frame, I made the best of a bad job, and toddled along to be killed, as though I liked it. In a minute or two—the time seemed all too short to me—we were plunging through the flying groups of our men, who at once began to reform behind us, and then I am sure I do not know what happened. All I can remember is a dreadful rolling noise of the meeting of shields, and the sudden apparition of a huge ruffian, whose eyes seemed literally to be starting out of his head, making straight at me with a bloody spear. But, I say it with pride—I rose to the occasion. It was an occasion before which most people would have callapsed once and for all. Seeing that if I stood where I was I must be done for, I, as the horrid apparition came, flung myself down in front of him so cleverly, that, being unable to stop himself, he took a header right over my prostrate form. Before he could rise again, I had risen and settled the matter from behind with my revolver.

Shortly after this, somebody knocked me down, and I remember no more of the charge.

When I came to, I found myself back at the koppie, with Good bending over me with some water in a gourd.

"How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked, anxiously.

I got up and shook myself before answering.

"Pretty well, thank you," I answered.

"Thank Heaven! when I saw them carry you in I felt quite sick, I thought you were done for."

"Not this time, my boy. I fancy I only got a rap on the head, which knocked me out of time. How has it ended?"

They are repulsed at every point for the time. The loss is dreadfully heavy; we have lost quite two thousand killed and wounded, and they must have lost three. Look, there's a sight!" and he pointed to long lines of men advancing by fours. In the center of, and being borne by each group of four, was a kind of hide tray, of which a Kukuana force always carried a quantity, with a loop for a handlet at each corner. On these trays—and their number seemed endless—lay wounded men, who as they arrived were hastily examined by the medicine men, of whom ten were attached to each regiment. If the wound was not of a fatal character, the sufferer was taken away and attended to as carefully as circumstances would allow. But if, on the other hand, the wounded man's condition was hopeless, what followed was very dreadful, though doubtless it was the truest mercy. One of the doctors, under pretense of carrying out an examination, swiftly opened an artery with a sharp knife, and in a minute or two the sufferer expired painlessly. There were many cases that day in which this was done. In fact, it was done in most cases when the wound was in the body, for the gash made by the entry of the enormously broad spears used by the Kukuanas generally rendered recovery hopeless. In most cases the poor sufferers were already unconscious, and in others the fatal "nick" of the artery was done so swiftly and painlessly that they did not seem to notice it. Still it was a ghastly sight, and one from which we were glad to escape; indeed, I never remember one which affected me more than seeing those gallant soldiers thus put put out of pain by the red handed medicine men, except, indeed, on an occasion when, after an attack, I saw a force of Swazis burying their hopelessly wounded alive.

Hurrying from this dreadful scene to the further side of the koppie, we found Sir Henry (who still held a bloody battle-axe in his hand), Ignosi, and one or two of the chiefs in deep consultation.

"Thank Heaven, here you are, Quatermain! I can't quite make out what Ignosi wants to do. It seems that, though we have beaten off the attack, Twala is now receiving large re-enforcements, and is showing a disposition to invest us, with a view of starving us out."

"That's awkward."

"Yes, especially as Infadoos says that the water supply has given out."

"My lord, that is so," said Infadoos; "the spring cannot supply the wants of so great a multitude, and is failing rapidly. Before night we shall all be thirsty. Listen, Macumazahn. Thou art wise, and has doubtless seen many war in the lands from whence thou camest—that is if, indeed, they make wars in the stars. Now tell us, what shall we do? Twala has brought up many fresh men to take the place of those who have fallen. But Twala has learned a lesson: the hawk did not think to find the heron ready; but our beak has pierced his breast; he will not strike at us again. We too are wounded, and he will wait for us to die; he will wind himself round us like a snake around a buck, and fight the fight or 'sit down.'"

"I hear you," I said.

"So, Macumazahn, thou seest we have no water here, and but a little food, and we must choose between these three things—to languish like a starving lion in his den, or to strive to break away toward the north, or"—and here he rose and pointed toward the dense mass of our foes—"to launch ourselves straight at Twala's throat. Incubu, the great warrier—for to-day he fought like a buffalo in a net, and Twala's soldier's went down before his ax like corn before the hail; with these eyes I saw it—Incubu says 'Charge;' but the elepnant (Incubu) is ever prone to charge. Now what says Macumazahn, the wily old fox, who has seen much, and loves to bite his enemy from behind? The last word is in Ignosi the king; for it is a king's right to speak of war; but let us hear thy voice, O Macumazahn! who watches by night, and the voice too of him of the transparent eye."

"What sayest thou, Ignosi?" I asked.

"Nay, my father," answered our quondam servant, who now clad as he was in the full panoply of savage war, looked every inch a warrior king, "do thou peak, and let me, who am but a child in wisdom beside thee, hearken to thy words."

Thus adjured, I, after taking hasty counsel with Good and Sir Henry, delivered my opinion briefly to the effect that, being trapped, our best chance, especially in view of the failure of our water supply, was to initiate an attack upon Twala's forces, and then I recommended that the attack be delivered at once, "before our wounds grew stiff," and also before the sight of Twala's overpowering force caused the hearts of our soldiers "to wax small like fat before a fire." Otherwise, I pointed out, some of the captains might change there minds, and, making peace with Twala, desert to him, or even betray us into his hands.

This expression of opinion seemed, on the whole, to be favorably received; indeed, among the Kukuanas my utterances met with a respect which has never been accorded to them before or since. But the real decision as to our course laid with Ignosi, who, since he had been recognized as rightful king, could exercise the almost unbounded rights of sovereignty, including, of course, the final decision on matters of generalship, and it was to him that all eyes were now turned.

At length, after a pause, during which he appeared to be thinking deeply, he spoke:

"Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, brave white men, and my friends; Infadoos, my uncle, and chiefs: my heart is fixed. I will strike at Twala this day, and set my fortunes on the blow, ay, and my life; my life and your lives also. Listen: thus will I strike. Ye see how the hill curves around like the half-moon, and how the plains run like a green toward us within the curve?"

"We see," I answered.

"Good; it is now midday, and the men eat and rest after the toil of battle. When the sun has turned and traveled a little way toward the dark, let thy regiment, my uncle, advance with one other down to the green tongue. And it shall be that when Twala sees it he shall hurl his force at it to crush it. But the spot is narrow, and the regiments can come against thee one at a time only; so shall they be destroyed one by one, and the eyes of all of Twala's army shall be fixed upon a struggle the like of which has not been seen by living man. And with thee my uncle shall go Incubu my friend, that when Twala sees his battle-ax flashing in the first rank of the 'Grays' his heart may grow faint. And I will come with the second regiment, that which follows thee, so that if ye are destroyed, as it may happen, there may yet be a king left to fight for; and with me shall come Macumazahn the wise."

"It is well, oh king," said Infadoos, apparently contemplating the certainty of the complete annihilation of his regiment with perfect calmness. Truly these Kukuanas are a wonderful people. Death has no terrors for them when it is incurred in the course of duty.

"And whilst the eyes of the multitude of Twala's regiments are fixed on the fight," went on Ignosi, "behold one third of the men who are left alive to us (i. e., about 6,000) shall creep along the right horn of the hill and fall upon the left flank of Twala's force, and one third shall creep along the left horn and fall upon Twala's right flank. And when I see that the horns are ready to toss Twala, then will I, with the men who are left to me, charge home in Twala's face, and if fortune goes with us the day will be ours, and before Night drives her horses from the mountains to the mountains we shall sit in peace at Loo. And now let us eat and make ready; and, Infadoos, do thou prepare, that the plan be carried out; and stay, let my white father Bougwan go with the right horn, that his shining eye may give courage to the men."

The arrangements for attack thus briefly indicated were set in motion with a rapidity that spoke well for the perfection of the Kukuana military system. Within little more than an hour rations had been served out to the men and devoured, the three divisions were formed, the plan of attack explained to the leaders, and the whole force, with the exception of a guard left with the wounded, now numbering about 18,000 men in all, was ready to be put in motion.

Presently Good came up and shook hands with Sir Henry and myself.

"Good-bye, you fellows," he said, "I am off with the right wing according to orders; and so I have come to shake hands in case we should not meet again, you know," he added significantly.

We shook hands in silence, and not without the exhibition of as much emotion as Englishmen are wont to show.

"It is a queer business," said Sir Henry, his deep voice shaking a little, "and I confess I never expect to see tomorrow's sun. As far as I can make out, the Grays, with whom I am to go, are to fight until they are wiped out in order to enable the wings to slip round unawares and outflank Twala. Well, so be it; at any rate, it will be a man's death! Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you. I hope you will pull through and live to collar the diamonds; but if you do, take my advice and don't have anything more to do with pretenders!"

In another second Good had wrung us both by the hand and gone; and then Infadoos came up and led off Sir Henry to his place in the forefront of the Grays, whilst, with many misgivings, I departed with Ignosi to my station in the second attacking regiment.

[Continued next week.]

Hurrah for the Rebus!

The Freman's Rebus seems to have struck a responsive chord as our readers have taken hold of it with a spontaneity that is as pleasing as it is surprising. Solutions have come in from nine different States already, and every mail brings in additional ones. Some in their eagerness to get in first, omitted to enclose the 50 cents for a two months subscription. The cash or its equivalent must always accompany the solution, or it will not be entered on our books. Everybody claims to have solved it, but up to date no correct solution has been sent in. Some are very close, however. Our artist has made an addition to it in this issue and those who have already sent in a solution may send in another without additional cost. Send them in early and don't forget the 50c.

No attention will be paid to solutions sent in without the 50c. We have received several of this kind already. Enclose 50 cents with your solution and The Freeman will be sent you for two months whether you solve the Rebus or not.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne is to be Governor of Ceylon at $40,000 a year and board. Princess Louise will go with him.

FLOOD'S FAVORS.

Some of the People He Made Rich, and What they Did with It.

James C. Flood, the millionaire mine owner, who died in Heidelberg on Thursday, was even-tongued, cool, calculating, patient and courageous. Like most men of his temperament, he made but few friends. It was hard to gain his confidence, but he never permitted an opportunity to go by to help the few who were his friends. While Flood was still dispensing liquors over the bar of his saloon in San Francisco, he was a member of a volunteer hook-and-ladder company. When he became a power in the stock market he did not forget the associates who had been members of the fire company or patrons of his saloon. One by one they dropped the reins of the horse car, gave up their hods, yielded up whatever might be called the badge of honest toil, and began to frequent the pavements about the Stock Exchange. They were at first ill at ease in their new station, but they acquired one good habit from Flood, "the silent golden Irishman," as he was called—they did not talk too much. They never missed a chance to talk of Flood's virtues, but had nothing to say about his business.

When, in 1873, the big bonanza was uncovered in the Comstock lode and Flood and his partner began the manipulation which made them so rich and others so poor, Flood and his associates still remembered their old friends, and their fortunes went sailing skyward too. To help them along, Flood did far more than his share. He lent money to some, carried stocks for others and made all richer than they had ever dreamed of being. But their riches, easily got, easily went, and to-day but few of them have anything left.

J. M. Walker was one of the men who profited most in the big bonanza deal. Now his mansion in Oakland is a hospital, while his daughter, once such a belle, now the divorced wife of a clerk, was two years ago playing minor parts in a small theater.

Dennis McCarthy was once city editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and he was let into the secret to the extent of winning $100,000, He is dead and left only a small estate.

Joseph Goodman published the Virginia City Enterprise, and his friendship for the bonanza firm got him information which resulted in the accumulation of at least $75,000. He felt that he must have at least an even million and he went into stock speculation after the collapse of the big bananza deal. When last heard from he was raising raisins on a little ranch hear Fresno, and would probably be satisfied with any fortune that could be represented by five figures.

Pat Crowley was Chief of Police of San Francisco. He profited by his intercourse with Flood to the extent of $425,000. His ambition was only half as large as that of Mr. Goodman, as he wanted only $500,000. He followed the editor and is again a policeman.

Flood had a fancy for fast trotting horses, and Pete Finnigan was his driver. Peter got his horse in first once in such a clever manner that several brokers "went broke" betting against it. Mr. Finnigan had a "tip" on the big bonanza which sent Consolidated Virginia up to an unheard of figure. He also had sense. He kept his money and built one of the finest of the houses on Nob Hill, and became the chief patron of the turf on the Pacific Coast.

The Imitative Chinaman.

Washington special.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, does not believe in the theory that a Chinaman can progress, although he may be Americanized in most particulars. The other day he was telling about some of his strange experiences with the sons of the Celestial empire, when he said:

"When we got our first Chinaman to cook, he didn't know a blessed thing about the kitchen, and it became necessary for Mrs. Stewart to go down and show him how to do everything. When you demonstrate in an ocular way how things should be done John never forgets. He is very impressionable. Mrs. Stewart showed him how to make biscuits. After she rolled the dough she took a cutter and began to cut out the biscuits. When the whole roll was cut up there was a little triangular piece left, and of this she made a half moon, as is customary. I didn't know anything about it at the time, but at the end of three or four months I discovered that every day when our biscuits were served there was a half moon among the lot. At the end of a year I made inquiry about the matter of Mrs. Stewart, and she went into the kitchen and watched the Chinaman each time he cut his biscuits, and she discovered that he always made a half moon, and would spoil four or five biscuits to do so. He thought it was as necessary as the salt or the shortening."

A Smart People.

Philadelphia Record.

First Thief—I've got a sure and safe thing now. I go to houses in a hurry and ask for a Bible with big print to read to a sick man. They give me the family Bible in a hurry, and I sell 'em at second-hand book stores.

Second Thief—I tried that in one city, but it didn't work. Everybody seemed to see through the game, for they all said they hadn't any Bibles. I just tell you there ain't no gettin' ahead o' them Chicago folks."

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As a Newspaper.

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It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

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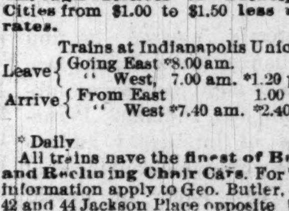

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THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The California Legislature adjourned so that its members could attend a prize fight.

There are 17.107 newspapers and periodicals in the United States, an increase of 797.

Johnny Humphreys, aged ten, died at Philadelphia from a fright given him by youthful White Caps.

Four men were instantly killed and several injured by a boiler exploding at Pittsburg, Pa., Thursday.

"Old Hutch" is manipulating the Chicago wheat market again, and fluctuating prices is the result.

The twenty-one-year-old daughter of a millionaire of Newport, R. I., eloped with the family coachman.

At Seneca, Kas., W. J. Joyce was convicted of selling Jamacia ginger, thereby violating the prohibitory law.

Mary Anderson, the actress, has been compelled to cancel all engagements on account of nervous prostration.

The prohibition amendments to the New Hampshire constitution were defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Gen. J. B. Weaver, ex-Congressman, and Hon. E. H. Gillette, will go into the the newspaper business at DesMoines.

Three negroes were judicially hanged at Aukadelphia, Ark., Friday for murder. One of them was a preacher.

Jay Gould declares the financial situation weak and the railroad situation worse than at any time for thirty years.

The colored people of Springfield, Ill. have decided to erect a monument in that city, to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

The Minnesota Legislature has passed resolutions urging a vigorous foreign policy on the part of the General Government.

A conflict of troops and boomers occurred in Oklahoma, Tuesday. Several were hit, but no one killed. The troops were victorious.

Ex-Alderman Kerr, of New York, was acquitted of the charge of bribery in connection with the Broadway street railway franchise.

The Nebraska House, by a vote of 77 to 18, passed a bill providing for the "Australian system" of voting in the larger cities of the State.

The discovery of lead and silver on the farm of Judge G. W. Craddock, near Frankfort, Ky., is causing great excitement in that neighborhood.

The stove firm of Perry & Co., of Albany, N. Y., are in financial straits. The firm was established in 1864 and at one time employed 1,800 men.

Edgar Swan, of Lynn, Mass., paying teller of the National Bank of Lynn, is short $68,000 in his accounts. He speculated. He is under arrest.

Robert Sigel, clerk in the New York Pension Office, has pleaded guilty to forgery in signing pensioners' names to checks and pocketing the money.

The Dominican Consul at New York, has been dismissed for aiding the Haytian rebels in violation of the neutrality laws of the United States.

The brig Anges Barton was wrecked about four miles below Virginia Beach, Thursday night, and six of her crew of ten men, including the Captain were drowned.

New York parties are before the Michigan Legislature with a scheme to cut a ship canal across the upper peninsula, connecting Lakes Michigan and Superior.

A religious enthusiast at Bridgewater, Adair county, Iowa, has been preaching and fasting forty days and nights, and closed his term of fasting Tuesday night with a big supper.

C. C. Scott, one of the proprietors of the Gilman House at Portland, Ore., committed suicide by jumping from the third story of his hotel in a fit of temporary insanity.

A preacher and thirty-six of his congregation are under arrest at Braxton, W. Va., for tearing down eight houses, and driving away the inmates in the interest of morality.

Arthur Dale committed suicide at Chattanooga, Tenn., by blowing out his brains with a shotgun. He has been gradually becoming insane and preferred death to insanity.

An Illinois court has decided that physicians may advertise. This notwithstanding the State Board of Health. Now for a decision notifying them that they ought to advertise.

Engineer Cook, charged with criminal negligence, which resulted in the killing of sixty persons at Mud Run, Pa., last October, by a collision, has been acquitted of the charge by a jury.

James Irwin, Superintendent of the Carnegie gas line, was arrested at Greensburg, Pa., charged with murder. He turned on the gas without notifying the workmen, and a pipe burst, killing one of them.

The steamer Walla Walla, of San Francisco, plying to Puget Sound, was seized Sunday by custom officers for smuggling opium amounnting to $10,000. The opium was shipped in barrels supposed to contain sauer kraut.

Judge Lyman D. Follett, of the Probate Court, Kent county, Mich., who ran away with $50,000 of the people's money last summer, was arrested at Helena, Mont., but got away and is now on his way to New South Wales.

Wm. Buffalo, colored, aged six years, of Norfolk, Va., has been arrested for the murder of another colored boy, aged 10. He struck him over the head with a paling of a fence, a nail penetrating the brain.

Near Georgetown, Ky., James Reid lost two head of cattle from a strange disease. They were taken with a swelling in the legs and died in a very short time. When cut open the flesh was found to have turned black.

The Supreme Court of Illinois denied, Friday, the motion to correct the judgment in the case of Fielden and others against the people, and at last the "anarchist case" has been disposed of, so far as the Supreme Court is concerned.

A large Newfoundland dog went mad Tuesday morning in the streets of New York and before he was killed bit and multilated three persons. There was wild excitement for a time. The wounds of those bitten were promptly cauterized.

The Cæsarian operation was successfully performed at the University of Pennsylvania Thursday, on Mary F. Burke, thirty-two years of age. The operation was made necessary on account of an abscess, and not from an malformation.

"Bobby" Adams, a notorious burglar, and one of the Minneapolis Postoffice robbers, serving a six years' term at Joliet, was released Sunday on a pardon issued by Grover Cleveland. He turned States' evidence, and his accomplices are now under arrest.

Samuel Lutz, residing near Circleville, O., Thursday celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, and received the congratulations of over twelve hundred friends and relatives. President Harrison and Governor Foraker sent congratulatory telegrams.

General Sherman's son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, who has become a member of the Society of Jesus, is to be ordained a priest in Philadelphia. Arrangements have been made under which it is expected the ceremony of ordination will take place in July in the cathedral.

John Krzywosynski, of New York, sues for divorce because his wife eloped with John Jwinjinjynski. She assigns as a reason for eloping, that her new lover had an easier name to pronounce, as it was made up in sections, and could be taken apart and put together again without getting the pieces crooked.

Monday, ex-President Grover Cleveland was fifty-two years old. He celebrated the event by rising early and starting on his Havana trip in company with ex-Secretary Vilas and ex-Postmaster General Dickinson. The party took the train for Washington. Mrs. Cleveland remains at the Victoria Hotel.

The North Chicago Rolling Mill Company, the Union Steel Company and the Joliet Steel Company have been consolidated with a joint capital of $20.000,000. The consolidated company has a capacity to manufacture about one-third of the total output of steel rails in this country, and will be able practically to control the market.

Harry Holmes, who has been held to answer a criminal assault, was found dead in his cell at Sacramento, Cal., Sunday. He had starved himself to death, having refused food for two weeks. On Thursday and Friday, physicians pumped nourishment into Holmes' stomach, but it failed to give any strength, and he wasted away to a skeleton.

The little town of Big Sandy, Montana, is full of excitement over the development of gold mines in the Sweet Grass Hills, fifty-five miles northwest of there. People have just arrived from the hills reporting that miners in Eclipse gulch are making from $50 to $80 a day. The most of the gold is taken out in placer diggings. But blue ore has been struck by several parties in the hills and the country is full of prospectors from Helena and other mining districts.

FOREIGN.

Brazil and Bolivia are about to engage in war.

Disastrous floods are prevalent throughout Galicia. Several towns and many villages are submerged.

An explosion of fire damp took place in a colliery near Nimes, in the department of Gard, France, Friday, by which fifteen persons were killed and six wounded.

The London Times attacks Messrs, Crewler and Clark, radical members of Parliament, for joining with the radical clubs in the welcome to Henry George, on Saturday.

The financial crisis in France is becoming alarming. Forty million francs are needed to save the Comptoir d'Escompte, and Paris bankers and capitalists are making efforts to raise it.

A soldier named Vertjoie has been sentenced to death in Oran, Algeria, for throwing a quid of tobacco into the face of Colonel Thierry, while Vertjoie was being tried by court-martial for attempting to desert.

A party of wealthy residents of Berlin, numbering twenty, will start from the German Capital on March 20 for a tour of the world. They will go directly from Berlin to New York, thence overland to California.

A terrible explosion occurred in the Brynnaliy colliery at Wexham Thursday, resulting in a great loss of life Eleven dead bodies have been taken from the pit and three miners have been rescued. Later advices say twenty persons were killed.

The Inland Revenue Department of Canada has issued a bulletin relative to the adulteration of lard, the American product coming in for general condemnation. Nearly every sample examined was found to be adulterated. It is recommended that the duty be increased in order to practically exclude the article from Canada.

China mail advices, concerning the loss of the Spanish steamer Remus along the Phillipine Islands, says that forty-two lives were lost out of 169 people on board. The Remus was engaged in the coasting trade, but at the time was taking out orders to their various stations on the Phillipine Islands and struck a reef near Point Biliarm, about two days' voyage from Manilla, sinking in thirty-five fathoms of water. The surviving officers and passengers were picked up by the gunboat Argus.

ALL QUIET AT SAMOA.

The Germans Withdraw Their Obnoxious Proclamations—There Was no Conflict.

The following news has been received via Auckland from Samoa: A steamer has arrived here from the Samoan Islands with advices from Apia to the 5th of March. Everything was tranqnil when the steamer left. There had been no change of positions of Mataafa and Tamaseese. The former had 6,000 men in his intrenched camp and the latter only 700. The German authorities had withdrawn their proclamation of martial law and abandoned the right of searching vessels for contrabands of war. The foreign men-of-war remained in the harbor of Apia. There had been no conflict or disturbance on sea or land since the last advices. All were awaiting instructions from Berlin and Washington.

Impartial Baptism.

Texas Siftings.

Master Ned (to the Rev. Dr. Trehern)—Wish I'd been here last night when you baptized the company.

Rev. Dr. Trehern—What do you mean, my son? I did not baptize anybody.

"No? Well, mamma said that when you came in last night you threw cold water on everybody."

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

IN THE MOONLIGHT AROUND THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Explore the Heart's Ruins and Begin the Work of Reconstruction; and Cease Not Until the Temple Has Been Made Whole Again.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn tabernacle last Sunday. Subject: "The Moonlight Ride." Text: Nehemiah ii., 15. He said:

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Nehemiah was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the King, the King said to him: "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the King how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced, how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." How long shall you be gone?" said the King. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback in the midnight riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacle of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for the sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the Church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it is your own fireside. The Church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness you longed for the Church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins, as ours was years ago, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah the Church of God is to you. Skeptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than for any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight, moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that before reconstruction there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asleep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider out on some mischief.

No, Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate—east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin. The reason that so many people in this day, apparently converted, do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal, and commit adultery, and go to the Penitentiary, is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." They had an idea that they were almost right, and they built religion, as a sort of extension, as an ornamental cupola. There was a superstructure of religion built on a substratum of unrepented sins.

The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastliness of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old-fashioned way.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that that man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by the gate of his affections, out by the gate of his will—and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck, and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel, crying, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies; blot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions and my sins are ever before thee." Ah, my friends, you see this is not a complimentary gospel.

This is what makes the people so mad. It comes to a man of a million dollars and impenitent in his sins and says, "You're a pauper." It comes to a woman of fairest cheek, who has never repented, and says, "You're a sinner." It comes to a man priding himself on his independence and says, "You're bound hand and foot by the devil." It comes to our entire race and says, "You're a ruin, a ghastly ruin, an illimitable ruin."

The redemption of the gospel is a perfect farce if there is no ruin. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "If any one, though he be an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than this," says the apostle "let him be accursed." There must be the midnight ride over the ruins before Jerusalem can be built. There must be the clicking of the hoofs before there can be the ringing of the trowels.

Again. My subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up every thing as lost it was Nehemiah. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among those disolated streets, and by those dismantled towers and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The Temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his King, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, in fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you, when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say. "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost property, and I can never repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I can never start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh! that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, betrayed, shipwrecked, imprisoned Paul went right on. The Italian martyr, Algerius, sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I know a mother who buried her baby on Friday, and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said. "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At three o'clock this afternoon, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuetted—there will be from ten to twenty destitute children from the street. It has been so every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock for many years. These destitute children receive religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that has been going on for many years? I knew it in this way:

That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go on the snowiest winter afternoon into Laurel Hill you would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there has not been an hour all these years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sends those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothers ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you today, saying: "Go, and sin no more,' while he cries out to your assailants: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why any one in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the King's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage, the hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilded. I pick you up to-day out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Agents Wanted.

The Freeman wants an active agent in every town and city, not now represented, and we guarantee lucrative employment to those who mean business. We have boys and girls, under fifteen, who are making from $2 to $4 per week handling The Freeman, and we have young men and women who are making double that amount. Send for terms to agents.

APPOINTMENTS.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate Tuesday:

Eugene Schuyler, of New York, to be Assistant Secretary of State.

Walker Blaine, of Maine, to be Examiner of Claims for the Department of State.

James S. Clarkson, of Iowa to be first Assistant Postmaster General, vice A. E. Stevenson resigned.

Lewis Wolfley, of Tuscon, Ari., to be Governor of Arizona.

Rathbone Gardner, of Rhode Island, to be United States Attorney for the District of Rhode Island.

Wm. L. Dunlapof Franklin, Indiana, to be United Sttes Marshal for the Dirtrict of Indiana.

William Wallace, Postmaster at Indianapolis.

Jeremiah Sullivan, of Montana, to be Colletor of Customs for the District of Montana and Idaho.

John A. Kasson, of Iowa; Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, and George H. Bates, of Delaware, to be Commissioners to represent the United States at the conference to be held in Berlin concerning affairs in the Samoan Islands.

Elbert D. Weed, of Montana, to be United States Attorney for the Territory of Montana.

The following nominations were made Monday:

W. Budd Deacon, of New Jersey, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of New Jersey.

John S. Burton, of Mississippi, to be Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of Mississippi.

Edwin I. Kursheedt, of Louisiana to be Marshal of the United States for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

Brad D. Slaughter, of Nebraska, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of Nebraska.

Wm. H. Whiteman, of New Mexico, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Coutrof the Territory of New Mexico.

S. A. Whitfield, of Cincinnati, Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Abraham D. Hazen, of Pennsylvania, Third Assistant Postmaster General.

J. W. Mason, of West Virginia, Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Wm. Thompson, of Maine, Minister to Sweden and Norway.

Samuel R. Thayer, of Minnesota, Minister to the Netherlands.

C. E. Mitchell, of Connecticut, Commissioner of Patents.

N. O. Murphy, of Arizona, Secretary of Arizona.

President Harrison, Tuesday, sent the following nominations to the Senate:

Whitelaw Reid, of New York, Minister to France.

Julius Goldschmidt, of Wisconsin, Consul General at Vienna.

Andrew C. Bradley, of the District of Columbia, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

John R. McFee, of New Mexico, to be Asscciate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico.

Frank R. Aikens, of Dakota, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Dakota.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

At noon Thursday the President formally received the members of the Diplomatic Corps. The members of the corps assembled at the Department of State, where they were presented to Secretary Blaine by Assistant Secretary Adee. Proceeding to the White House the diplomates, who were attired in their resplendent court dresses, were introduced to the President by the Secretary of State. All of the legation were represented.

The cabinet, Friday, had under discussion the opening of Oklahoma or at least a portion of the territory included within its limits. The President is authortized by the terms of the recent legislation to open to settlement about eight million acres of land, and the opinion prevails that he will shortly issue his proclamation adding that acreage to the public domain.

Postmaster General Wanamaker was asked for an expression of his views on the prohibition question. He said: "There is only one side to the prohibition question, and that is the right side—constitutional amendment. I am in favor of it first, last and all the time."

It is said that Mr. Blaine tendered the English Mission to Whitelaw Reid without consulting President Harrison, and that the latter was annoyed by it and said he had selected another man for the place. For this reason the nomination has not yet been sent in.

Ceneral Butler presented a bill of $3 to the Inaugural Committee at Washington for injuries done to the grass plot in front of his residence there by a telegraph station being located there. The bill was paid.

Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, has resigned, preferring private life. The Legislature is in session, and will elect his successor.

J. N. Tyner, of Indiana, ex-Postmaster General, has been appointed Assistant Attorney General for the Postoffice Department.

The nomination of Eugene Schuyler for Assistant Secretary of State, has been withdrawn, he having declined the position.

It is said that Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, will shortly resign, as he prefers private life.

Senator Quay is much sought after by office seekers. His door bell was twice pulled off, last week.

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

It is Entertained by Some Fairy Stories by Experts.

Indianapolis News.

The Ananias Club had a pleasant meeting at the Police Station last night.

"It was on the blood-stained field of Gettysburg," said Sergeant Wheatley, "that I saw a most remarkable occurrence. A member of my company had his right leg taken off by a cannon ball. He was taken back to the hospital tents. The shattered member was nicely trimmed, and as an experiment, the leg of another man was put on to that stump. Would you believe it, gentlemen, but that leg grew to the stump and that man to-day has two sound legs, save that his feet are not mates."

"During the famous strike of 1876, when it was impossible to take a train out of Indianapolis without police protection, I was running an engine for the Bee Line," remarked Capt. Colbert, and had a wonderful experience on one of my trips. We were going round the curves sixty-five miles an hour. Right ahead of us on the track was a big blue racer snake. The varmint would throw his head up every few minutes and look back at me in such a tantalizing way that I got mad, and I made up my mind I would catch that snake or make him leave the track. I told the fireman to throw in the coke, and then I 'pulled her wide open.' Gee-gosh, how we did run. I could hardly keep my seat, and the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb. The snake saw that I was bound to catch him, and near Fortville the snake jumped the track. He ran into a pool of water and blew into a thousand pieces. He was so hot that when he struck the water it caused the explosion."

"In the spring of 1850 I shipped as an ordinary seaman on board the New Bedford whaler None Such for a three years' cruise," remarked Sergt. Andy Sowers. "We had been out about four months, meeting with poor success, when one day a storm came up. We had been expecting it, and consequently were prepared, but our preparations were all for naught, for it was a storm of the most terrific kind. Billows mountain high dashed upon us, and our craft was tossed into the trough of the sea like a cork in an eddy. The rudder was torn away, one of the masts fell, the water roared in torrents through the scuppers, and then all of a sudden the ship settled on her beam ends, lunched forward and settled in a hundred fathoms of water. every soul on board going down with her."

"How did you escape?" breathlessly inquired Sergt. Bruce.

"Didn't escape. I was drowned with the rest of the crew," sighed Andy.

The the club arose as one man and presented Sergt. Sowers with a wreath of sour dock.

A Paris gentleman engaged a cafe concert company to entertain his guests at a recent reception, and before the evening was over a handsome baritone of 30 won the heart of the young lady of the house, and eloped with her while the company were at dinner. She wore only a mackintosh over evening dress, and had no money, while he owes his landady two weeks' rent, and is in debt to all the neighborhood, but neither of them has yet been heard from.

JUDGE JAMIESON'S WAY.

He Convinces a Young Couple That They Don't Want to Be Divorced.

Chicago Journal.

Judge Jamieson interposed his services as a mediator in a divorce case this morning and succeeded in patching up a truce, at least, between husband and wife. In the suit of Mrs. Belle Gallaher against Edward Gallaher a motion was on the contested calendar to compel the husband to pay his wife's solicitor's fees and suitable alimony pending the settlement of the case. Gallaher is a broker, and also owns the patent on a curling machine, and his wife alleged he derived an income of at least $200 a month, and was well able to contribute to the support of herself and child. The ground on which she applied for a divorce was extreme and repeated cruelty. Gallaher had denied the charges.

Husband and wife were both in court when the case was called. Judge Jamieson detected an affectionate glance which pretty Mrs. Gallaher stole at her husband as he sat near his counsel, his face saddened by the thought of what had brought him into court.

"Sink," said the Judge in an undertone to his venerable bailiff, St. Clair Sutherland, "I don't believe these young people need any lawyers' or Judges medicine; a little wholesome advice would do them more good."

"I think ye're right, Judge," said Sink.

"Tell them to step into my room," and the message was conveyed to the Gallahers, who were soon face to face in the Judge's chambers.

"Now, look here, my friends," said the Chancellor, kindly, "I don't believe either of you realize the gravity of the step you are proposing to take. Divorce is a terrible thing, especially for people who are parents. I am sure neither of you wants to give up your child."

"Oh, no indeed, Judge," said both.

"Why, then, can't you make up; try to do better, and live together again?"

"Ah, Judge, I ain't fit to be a husband to Belle; she's the best wife a man ever had," said Gallaher, the tears starting to his eyes.

"Oh, yes, you are, Eddie," said the little woman, beginning to soften. "You're a good husband, only when you lose your temper."

"Don't you think you'd better try him again?" asked the Judge, his eyes beginning to twinkle, as he foresaw the inevitable outcome.

"Yes, I'd willingly try him again if he'd promise to do right."

"I'll never be cruel to her again; I'll never speak a cross word to her," said Gallaher.

"Then, take me, dear, and we'll be so happy together again," and the young wife was quickly enfolded in her husband's arms.

Judge Jamieson blew his nose violently and went out into the court room. "Case No. 2244 is dismissed for want of prosecution," he said.

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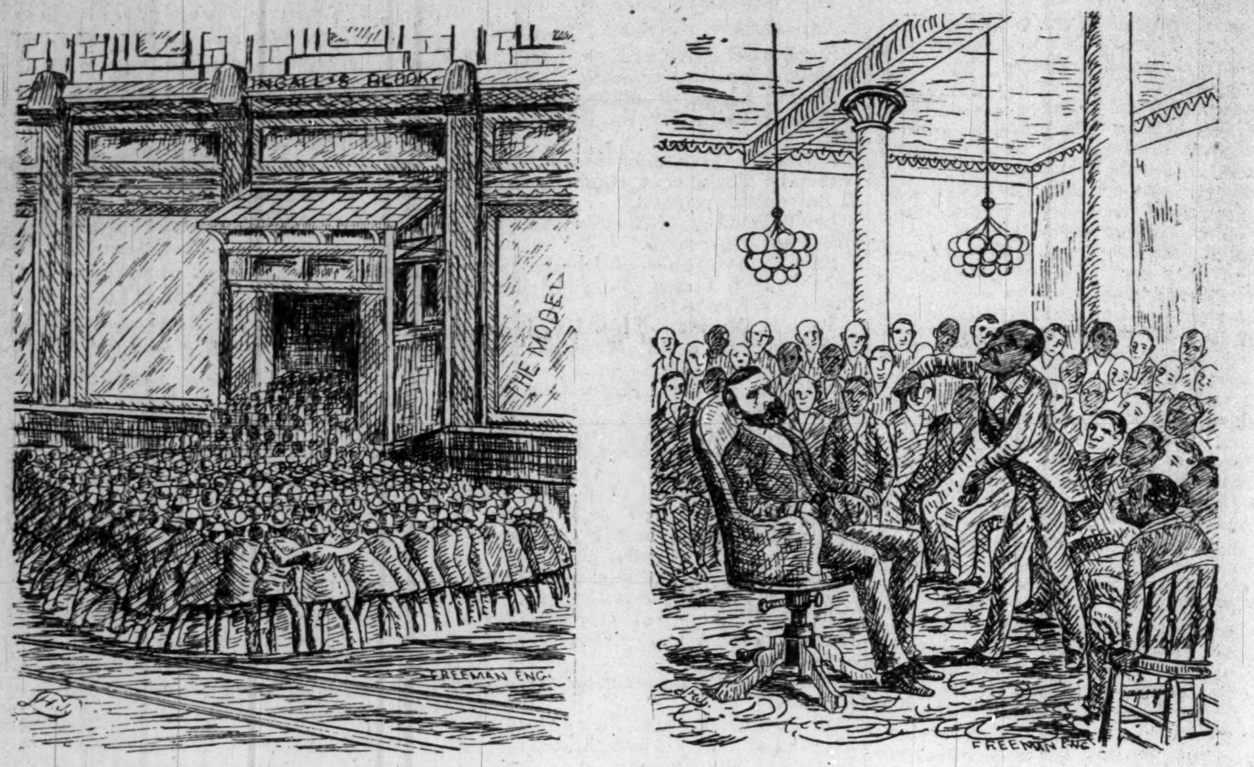
THE MODEL
FREEMAN ENG.
FREEMAN ENG.

A LITTLE LOCAL AFFAIR.

1. The grand rush for Mr Wallace's office after his nomination for Post-master at Indianapolis.
2. Presenting the ciaims of the different candidates.

C. W. ANDERSON, ESQ.

Author, Actor and Dramatic Critic--- A Brilliant Writer and Man of Letters.

Prepared for The Freeman.

Mr. C. W. Anderson, New York's young colored author, actor and journalist, comes from the good old-fashioned town of Oxford, Ohio. After graduating from the famous "Grennan School," of that place, he entered the high school of Middletown, Ohio; remaining there until his senior year only, and leaving when the valedictory of his class seemed at his mercy. From thence he migrated to Cleveland, where he studied for a year under Prof. Valliant, of the "Case School of Applied Science." He then entered the "Spencerian College," graduating in the class of '83. On reaching New York, Mr. Anderson attached himself to the staff of "Wallack's Theatre," practically acquiring the art of stage craft and stage business. Having been, from a boy, a great lover of elocution, he determined to turn his attention to dramatic things. He wrote sketches for the Georgia minstrel companies; words for comic and topical songs; afterpieces, gags, &c. For the last six years, with few interruptions, he has written over the non de plume of "The Rounder" in most of the New York dailies and weeklies, and that odd signature is now synonymous with a chivalrous championship of the race. There is an infinite variety and plethoric fertility of style and resource in his work. His method being distinctly individual and original; he shows an imperious disregard for conventional methods of journalism and seems to study men more than books. His descriptions are graphic; his criticisms analytical, and his adulatory articles are always adequate. On the completion of his play, "A Stranger at Home," the Police Gazette gave him a cut with a very flattering notice. He was a friend of the late Mrs. Fiske, the authoress, and materially assisted her in the collaboration of her play, "Philip Herne," which ran in New York for seventy-seven consecutive nights, of which play he was made "prompter," making the first colored prompter in the history of the drama. In Baltimore, one of the actors of the "Philip Herne Co." was released and Mr. Anderson played the part of "Jim" till the close of the season. The company comprised such artists as Joseph Haworth, Joseph Wheelock, Fredrick Paulding, Helen Russell, and was under the management of that wealthy and clever manager, J. M. Hill.

Mr. Anderson has done a great deal of annonymous writing; having writtten stories, verses, speeches, toasts, puns, sermons and lectures. He reads, writes and speaks German and French, and has in the last five years done work on the "World," "Town Topic," "Dramatic Mirror," "Tribune," "The Age," and is now on the "Mail and Express." He is a recognized critic, being carte-blanche in all the leading theatres of New York City. His play has been submitted to a prominent manager for reading, as he is anxious for it to go on the anvil as other plays go and survive or perish on its merits. If there is one ingredient that stands out more prominently than another in his composition, it is bravery. There are very few critics or correspondents whom he would hesitate to meet in the literary arena and he does not use color as a subterfuge. To use his own words uttered in a discussion with a dramatic critic—"I have never called attention to my complexion to avoid collision with criticism."

His office has long been a sort of literary work shop where sermons or speeches could be sawed off in convenient lengths and at reasonable figures. He has dramatized several popular novels for amature performance, and has recently completed for, and presented to the "Ohio Society," a pamphlet entitled "The Western Reserve and The North-west Territory."

His criticisms in "The Age" on colored readers and singers have been considered by some a little severe, but they have certainly elevated the standard of art among our people.

Mr. Anderson will soon make his initial bow to the readers of THE FREEMAN as a dramatic and musical writer. He will, in his FREEMAN feuilleton analyze the methods of our most prominent artists, and give information hitherto unpublished concerning their efforts in the drama.

OUR LOCAL LIFE.

Points From Politics and Personals.

Examine our advertisements and patronize the stores whose card appears in The Freeman.

: : :

The latest candidate in the field for the Liberian Mission, is Charles S. Morris, the talented young orator of Kentucky. Mr. Morris is highly endorsed and may hustle some of the big guns.

: : :

In the meantime the candidates for the different places continue to multiply. There are already no less than twenty applicants for letter carriers, about ten for janitors and eight or nine for postal clerks.

: : :

The Hotel Brotherhood Band has had considerable trouble with recalcitrant members lately and suspended Robert Wilson at its last meeting. It is daily practicing and is able to give better music now than ever.

: : :

Mr. Robert Braxton, one of our oldest and best known citizens and who was one of the first colored men in this city to be recognized in the nunicipal government died last Wednesday morning at his residence on Seventh Street. He was prominent as a Mason and Odd Fellows and held high offices in those bodies. He was captain of No. 9, Fire Company, which position he held nearly thirteen years. He leaves a wife in good circumstances.

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That the colored people of Marion county do not intend to be left out in the cold, politically, was proven soon after the nomination of Mr. Wm. Wallace as postmaster of this city. They have estimated the number of appointments he will have and have made a formal demand for about one-fourth of them or twenty-five. Mr. Wallace received them kindly but made no promises. He says he will go slow in making changes in the postoffice and will retain all competent men regardless of their politics. This fell like a wet blanket on the ardor of a great many of who expected a "clean sweep." Mr. Wallace evidently intends to be postmaster and we believe he will do the square thing by the colored people if given a fair opportunity.

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Among the applicants for letter carriers, are J. D. Porter, W. F. Morphin, John Carter, Allen C. Simms, Oscar Bush, Don Wells, Harry Furniss, L. E. Christy and Lawrence Newby, and for the head janitorship, at the Federal building, Charles Brown, Nathaniel Pierce, Conrad Burley, John Wilson and Robert Russell. Mr. Brown and Pierce are the most formidable candidates for the latter place. Mr. Brown is an old soldier and has always stood in with the "gang" commonly called 'hustlers," Mr. Nathan Pierce is an old citizen here and is an industrious, hard-working man. He has always been a loyal republican, and while he wants the appointment, does not propose to leave the party should he fail to get it. The candidates for the other places are "thicker than hops" and are entirely too numerous to mention.

What Are the Precious Metals.

Globe Democrat.

Fully ninety-nine persons in every hundred, if asked to name the most precious metals, would mention gold as first, platinum as second and silver as third. If asked to name others, a few might add nickel, and a very few aluminum to the list. Let us see how near to the truth they would be. Gold is worth about $250 per pound, troy; platinum $130, and silver about $12. Nickel would be quoted at about 60c, and pure aluminum $8 or $9 to the troy pound.

We will now compare these prices with those of rarer and less well-known of the metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium sells for $975 a pound, when it is sold at all, and calcium is worth $1,800 a pound. Cerium is a shade higher—its cost is $160 an ounce, or $1,920 a pound.

These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point; chromium brings $200, cobalt falls to about half the price of silver while didymium is the same price as erbium, and erbium $10 cheaper on the ounce than calcium, or just $1,680 per pound.

If the wealth of the Vanderbilts be not over stated, it amounts to nearly $200,000,000. With this sum they could purchase 312 tons of gold and have something left over, but they couldn't buy two tons of gallium, that rare metal being worth $3,250 an ounce. With this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

Glucinum is worth $250 per ounce; indium, $158; iridium, $658 a pound; lanthanium, $175, and lithium $160 an ounce. Nioblum costs $128 per ounce; asmium, palladium, platinum, potassium and rhodium bring respectively $640, $400, $130, $32 and $512 per pound. Strontium costs $128 an ounce; tantallum, $144; telurium, $9; thorium, $272; vanadium, $320; virtrium, $144, and zirconium $250 an ounce.

Thus we see that the commonly received opinion as to what are the most precious metals is quite erroneous. Barium is more than four times as valuable as gold, and gallium more than 162 times as costly, while many of the metals are twice and thrice as valuable. Aluminum, which now costs $8 or $9 a pound, will eventually be produced as cheaply as steel. When this can be done it will push the latter metal out of a great many of its present uses, as it possesses great strength, toughness and elasticity, with extreme lightness of weight. Its sources of supply are simply inexhaustible, and its present high cost arises from the difficulty of its extraction in a metallic form. Indium seems to be chiefly used for pointing gold pens, and many of the metals mentioned have but a limited sphere of usefulness.

Mrs. Langtry Speaks of Her Debut.

From a Recent Interview.

"It has been eight years since I went on the stage; it was necessity that brought me there; I like bread and butter and had not the money to get it. When Mrs. Labouchere came to me and suggested that I should make my first venture in amateur theatricals for the benefit of a charity I was jut making up my mind to start a market garden, for I felt sure I could succeed in that, and I had a vague idea that cabbages, and cauliflower, and asparagus. having the stamp of my special attention, might be given a short vogue in Covent Garden Market. I went on the stage determined to accept criticism from whoever offered it, and I do believe that the orchestra and stage people are far the best critics, for they see all sorts and conditions of acting. I will tell you something funny that happened to me at my first professional appearance, which was in January, 1882. I was to play Blanche Hay, and, if you remember, she has a song in the second act. I do not sing, consequently it was necessary to have some one behind the screen to sing for me while I played the accompaniment and imitated all movements. The first night it was a great success, so much so that Clement Scott insisted that I was doing all the singing, but the second the singer had either gotten so intoxicated with her own melody, or had looked too often upon the wine when it was red, for long after the time for her to stop she kept on singing, and though she was conducted from off the stage the audience could still hear her warbling away as she was taken out the stage door."

Marriages That Failed.

The total number of divorces granted during the twenty years in each of the several States. and the number of married couples to one divorce in each during the years 1870 and 1880, are given as follows:

	Divorces Granted	Married couples to One Divorce 1870	1880
Alabama	5,204	162	795
Arizona	2 7	1,590	307
Arkansas	6,041	8 0	326
California	12,118	555	239
Connecticut	8,5 2	246	340
Dakota	1,087	......	328
Delaware	289	28,637	5,511
District of Columbia	1,106	638	508
Florida	2,120	622	341
Georgia	3,959	1,836	1,152
Idaho	368	292	249
Illinois	36,072	407	271
Indiana	25,193	271	262
Iowa	16,564	395	306
Kansas	7,191	435	425
Kentucky	10,248	678	549
Louisiana	1,697	4,579	1,629
Maine	8,312	331	204
Maryland	7,185	1,757	1,380
Massachusetts	9,853	681	566
Michigan	18,433	403	269
Minnesota	3,623	1,001	647
Mississippi	5,040	1,840	498
Missouri	15,278	662	400
Montana	822	257	180
Nebraska	3,034	774	431
Nevada	1,128	265	170
New Hampshire	4,979	369	186
New Jersey	2,642	1,924	1,583
New Mexico	25[illegible]	16,077	2,615
New York	15,855	1,183	1,151
North Carolina	1,498	4,958	3,149
Ohio	26,361	507	289
Oregon	2,609	248	173
Pennsylvania	16,020	1,068	851
Rhode Island	4,461	203	180
South Carolina	163	133,359	......
Tennessee	9,625	836	428
Texas	11,472	949	382
Utah	4,078	185	219
Vermont	3,238	390	455
Virginia	2,635	3,734	1,734
Washington	996	379	202
West Virginia	2,555	1,044	974
Wisconsin	9,988	503	464
Wyoming	401	122	173
United States	938,716	664	479

His Poor Brother.

Youth's Companion.

A boy may be homesick enough to feel badly, and even to cry, and yet not quite sick enough to lose his self-possession.

Little Bennie was away from home for the first time in his life—away from his father, mother.sister and his twin brother. He was sleeping alone for the first time, also, and his little heart was heavy.

The room was dark, the house was strange and the mice in the wall made frightful noises. Bennie's soul was filled with apprehension, and after a while he lifted up his voice and wept sorely.

"What is the matter, Bennie?" called his aunt from an adjoining room.

"The matter? Boo-hoo! The matter? I was just a thinking how Georgie is a missing of me. Boo-hoo!"

THE
NEW YORK
STORE,
[Established 1853.]

DRESS GOODS,

Ladies looking for the newest ideas in Spring Dress Goods will find them in our stock.

We have a very handsome line of Dress Goods in Patterns; also some elegant Combination Suits that are very stylish.

You will be plessed with our beautiful Dress Goods called "Lansdowne" and "Gloriosa." We have them in sixteen colors, including the very handsome creams.

Silk Wrap and all Wool Henriettas are still very popular and having a large sale. We are showing all the newest colors, which includes a very large assortment.

Besides the fine grades of Dress Goods we have our usual large line of goods from 25c to 75c.

Our Dress Goods stock is so very large that we can suit every customer in color style, quality and price.

Silk Department

Never was this department so well able to fill the wants of everyone wishing Silk Goods. We have full lines of colors and black in Armures, Faille Francais, Satin Rhadame, China Silks, Pongees, Printed China, Printed Pongees, Fancy Stripes and Plaids, Moires, etc., etc.

Everything in Plushes and Velvets will be found at our Silk Department.

Wash Dress Goods

We have a special department of wash Dress Goods over fifty feet long, every inch of which is filled complete.

We have over two hundred styles French, English, and Domestic Satines. All the new shades in grounds, and plain to match.

We also have the new ideas of Plain Satines with borders on each side, which make elegant combinations.

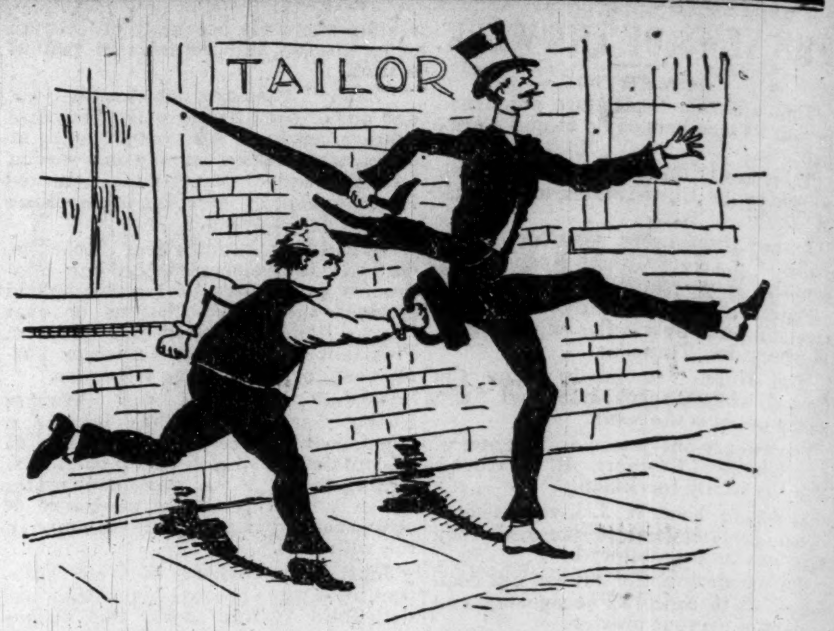
The French Ginghams are very handsome, and were never as stylish as now. We are showing all the new effects.

Domestic manufacturers of Ginghams have fairly outdone themselves this season, and are not far behind our French neighbors.

With our immense stock, you can get suited in every particular and wish in Wash Dress Goods.

Prices Always in Plain Figures.

Pettis, Bassett & Co.



SUCCESS! Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

How to succeed? There is the rub. We will tell you how. You want to get along in the world, to get there is the height of your ambition, when you get there you will stay there. Now if you want to get there and stay, we will help you there. We would have done it long ago if you had taken our advice. You propose to be a gentlemon, but you dress like a tramp. lay aside that shabby suit of yours and as nature is now clothing herself in her spring verdure take her advice and clothe thyself in one of Nicoll's New Spring Suits and you will get there and stay there. Suits to Order $20 to $50.

NICOLL, the Tailor.
33 & 35 South Illinois St. INDIANAPOLIS, IND

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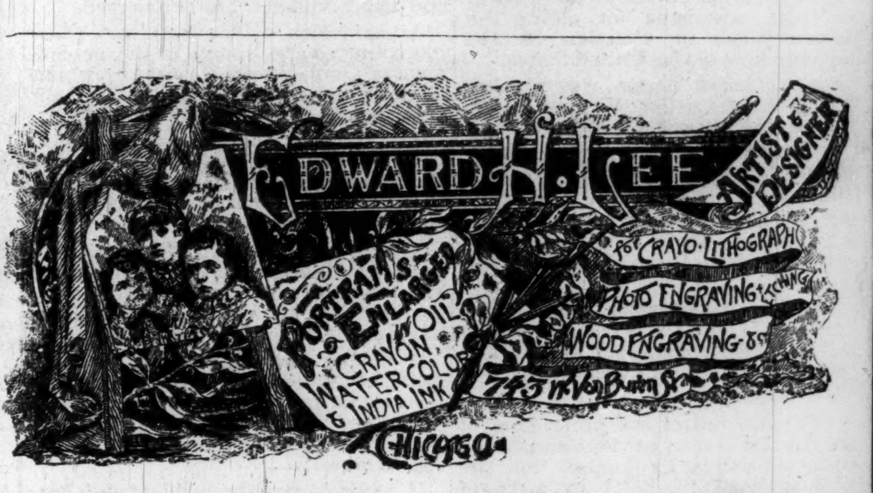
Childrens' Carriages,
Boys Wagons, Bicycles, Trycicles, and Velocipedes,
Brackets, Rockers, Easels, Etc.
See Our $5 Carriage!
CHAS. MAYER & CO., 29 and 31 West Washington Street.

KONZ.
The American Tailor,
No. 9 South Illinois Street.
INDIANAPOLIS.
Fine Tailoring. Moderate Prices.



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